The New REPUBLIC

A Journal of Opinion

VOL. LXI NEW YORK, WEDNESDAY, DECEMBER 25, 1929 NUMBER 786

Contents

The Week 125

Editorials

Navies and Neutral Rights 128
The Kyoto Conference 129
Business as Usual 131

General Articles

Abolish the Battleship! ..... H. N. Brailsford 132
Farm Relief or Bank Relief? ..... Ernest Hopkins 134
Aimee Rises from the Sea ..... Morrow Mayo 136
Washington Notes ..... T. R. B. 140
A New Monument ..... Stark Young 142
Mozart in His "Don Juan" ..... Paul Rosenfeld 143
A Communication ..... John Brophy 145

Correspondence 146

Reviews of Books

Franklin and the New Age ... Robert Morss Lovett 147
As You Like It ..... R. P. Blackmur 148
The Norwegian Rousseau ..... Howard Coxe 149
An Outline of Drama ..... Frederick Schlick 149
"Firehead" ..... Babette Deutsch 150
A New Malthusian Tocsin .... Walter Phelps Hall 150
Notes on Novels 151

The Week

THE Japanese delegation to the Naval Conference has reached Washington on its journey to London, and has promptly clarified the position of its government in one important particular. Previous statements from Tokio had led to the assumption that Japan wanted 70 percent of the number of 10,000-ton cruisers allotted to the United States. To this the British, who want to put most of their cruiser tonnage into lighter vessels, would be sure to object. But it is now made clear that while Japan wants a 10-10-7 ratio in all auxiliary craft, instead of the 10-10-6 ratio established for battleships at the Washington Conference of 1921, she wishes a global tonnage, which can be allotted among cruisers, destroyers and submarines at her discretion, subject to the consent of the other nations to the allocation she proposes. What the Japanese apparently wish is to increase the tonnage of submarines, reducing both cruisers and destroyers. Their argument in favor of submarines is roughly that of France, and contradicts the view of Mr. Stimson and others, that the submarine is no longer a useful weapon against warships, but can be used only, and against every dictate of humanity, to destroy unarmed merchantmen. While Great Britain and the United States have hoped for the abolition of the submarine, the attitude of France has in any case foredoomed that attempt to failure for the present. The Japanese policy on cruisers removes from the agenda of the conference one dispute which threatened to be a stubborn one; and thereby a gloomy outlook for success is made a little brighter.

AT LAST the Senate has ratified the French debt settlement. This act is without much practical importance, any way you look at it. France was already paying according to the terms of the settlement, and would have continued to do so even if ratification had been indefinitely delayed. The act of the Senate does not accord her any privileges which she did not previously have. On the other hand, it cannot be pretended that our ratification makes the agreement permanent and gets this bothersome controversy permanently out of the way. All responsible commentators have pointed out the unreality of an arrangement which specifies large payments more than half a century in advance. France will live up to her agreement to the end if Germany continues to pay over enough in reparations to furnish her with the necessary funds, but whether Germany can do so remains highly problematical. And if the reparations settlement has to be revised again, the Allied debts are sure to become a bone of active contention. How little the true situation is now realized in American official circles is indicated by the fact that the only serious objection to the agreement was made by Senators who thought we were letting France off too easily.

THAT small minority of American citizens who pay income taxes are now rejoicing because of the cut made effective by Congress for the ensuing year only. This legislation is widely acclaimed as a practical aid to the restoration of prosperity. In reality it is no such thing. It is a sort of Christmas bonus to the injured feelings of those who lost money in the stock market—most of whom are included among the income-tax payers. In so far as their cheerfulness may aid business, the tax cut may help the nation in general. As a matter of fact,

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

however, it lightens the burden only for those who have net incomes, after deducting stock market losses, large enough so that they could well have afforded to pay at the old rates. It deprives the government of revenue which it might have used to extremely good effect in stimulating construction, in other measures of unemployment relief, and in reducing indirect taxes on all consumers. Most illogical of all is the reduction of the rate on corporate incomes. Corporations this year will, in general, show the largest profits in history. Their reserve funds are more than ample. By no stretch of the imagination could they be said to need tax reduction. In this case the tax cut looks almost like a bribe to induce their coöperation with the President's effort to prevent a depression—a coöperation which they ought to have undertaken in their own interest.

THE NEW REPUBLIC does not believe that President Hoover will give a moment's serious consideration to those who urge that Commissioner Eastman should not be reappointed to the Interstate Commerce Commission. Mr. Eastman is a public servant of rare wisdom. Few understand the highly intricate problems of railroad regulation as well as he. He is not, and never was, a political appointee in the superficial sense of that word; he has devoted his life to his calling with a true professional devotion. His ability is unquestioned, and his experience on the Commission is longer than that of most of its other members. The objection urged against him is that he has expressed sentiments favorable to public ownership. That he has done so is a tribute to his courage and candor, but his opinions in this respect have not interfered in the least with his efforts to make regulation of privately owned railroads work to the utmost public advantage. Indeed, he is one of the few to point out that the chief danger of government ownership arises from too little attention to the public interest in regulation as it is practised. If the public cannot rely on the work of such men as Mr. Eastman on regulating commissions, the cause of public ownership will be measurably advanced. The real objection to him is not that which is voiced, since the railroads do not seriously fear nationalization. Mr. Eastman's opponents among the railroads find his presence inconvenient since he frequently opposes their views on such questions as valuation and consolidation. If we are to have commissions composed entirely of men who agree on all points with those who are being regulated, this objection is worth consideration. If commissions are to represent the public, however, the very nature of the opposition to Mr. Eastman should make his reappointment certain.

FOR ONCE, the Pennsylvania legal system has acted to the advantage of a coal miner accused of a crime. Salvatore Accorsi has been acquitted of the murder of State Trooper John J. Downey, committed some two and a half years ago, on August 22, 1927. As The New Republic pointed out in discussing the Accorsi case in its issue of October 9, 1929, there was never any serious evidence against him. He was vaguely identified by a state trooper, but this identification fell to pieces in the courtroom. The real basis for this arrest appears to have been the fact that he had lived near the scene of the crime and, seven months after it was committed, had moved away. That served at any rate to distinguish him from dozens of other men who might with apparently equal justice have been accused, but had failed to make themselves conspicuous by leaving Pennsylvania.

THE Accorsi case grew, as our readers may remember, out of a meeting held by a group of coal miners and their families to protest the execution of Sacco and Vanzetti. Though they gathered on a private picnic ground, and were entirely within their rights in doing so, their meeting was broken up by mounted troopers of the state police, who threw tear-gas bombs, and used their clubs freely on men and women, so that some two hundred people were injured. For a long time after the crowd had been dispersed by this gentle persuasion, the troopers amused themselves by going through the neighborhood and beating up anyone they met. Downey was one of these troopers. He met a man on a side road, began beating him, and was shot and killed, his assailant escaping. On June 13, 1929, Accorsi was taken into custody on Staten Island. His attorneys, with a justifiable fear (remembering the famous Barkoski case) of what may happen to an innocent man who is held incommunicado in state-police barracks, fought against letting him be extradited until he had been indicted, when he would be in the custody of the proper legal authorities. Finally he was indicted, extradited, tried and promptly acquitted. The state police "got their man"—but they picked him by such a casual eeny-meeny-miny-moe process that they couldn't hold him.

ONE part of the story of American prosperity during the remarkable period of the past five years which is not usually told has just been revealed by the Women's Bureau of the United States Department of Labor. While production and profits generally were increasing by leaps and bounds, while the average of real wages was showing a steady rise, while spokesmen of American industry were patting it on the back for its new endorsement of the economy of high wages, the wages of women workers in American cotton mills dropped 13 percent. The figures, which measure the decline from 1924 to 1928, cover 158 representative mills scattered through eleven states, in which nine-tenths of the cotton-mill workers are found. The average full-time earnings of the women were, in 1928, at the princely level of $15.66 a week. New Hampshire was the highest state, with $20.31; Ala-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

bama the lowest, with $11.88. The honors in this low-grade competition do not all go to the North, however. Massachusetts ranks only fifth among the eleven states. And Northern earnings dropped during this period much more than Southern. Massachusetts earnings dropped most of all, 18 percent. The differential between North and South, which had been 54 percent in 1924, was only 33 percent in 1928. Thus is exemplified the leveling-down action of competition unleavened by union organization and collective bargaining. The South no longer has as much advantage in cost of production, while both regions suffer from the poor situation of large working populations with inadequate incomes.

IN WRITING their obituaries of the Provincetown Playhouse, which recently suspended operations for lack of money, most critics have laid too much emphasis on its being the organization that discovered and gave scope to the talent of Eugene O'Neill. This was, indeed, an achievement, and one which in itself justified the fifteen seasons, good and bad, of the Provincetown Players, but it was not their only contribution to the American stage. They discovered other talented playwrights, of whom one might mention Paul Green and Susan Glaspell. They helped to develop a great number of directors and actors whose names are now familiar on Broadway. But principally they contributed to the theater the diverse talents of writers who might otherwise have confined themselves to other branches of literature.

EXCLUSIVE of those by O'Neill, the most interesting plays they produced were not written by professional playwrights, or even by men and women who have since become professional playwrights: they were the work of poets, novelists and critics—of Djuna Barnes, Edna St. Vincent Millay, Alfred Kreymborg, Wallace Stevens, Stark Young, Edmund Wilson, E. E. Cummings. Thus, to an art which has suffered from too much professionalism, the Provincetown Players contributed "amateur talent" in the best sense of the term. To the literary men connected with them, they contributed something else—professional stage experience and sometimes, moreover, a means of subsistence. More than one writer now safely established has survived the difficult periods of his apprenticeship by acting as a ghost in one of O'Neill's early plays —which required so many ghosts—or has paid for his lodging and cigarettes by shifting scenery in that haunted stable on Macdougal Street which the Players deserted for Broadway, with such ill results to themselves and to the American stage.

PROGRESS of the five-day week has been much more rapid than is generally understood. A study by the National Industrial Conference Board, which is not a complete survey of the field, found that in 1928 there were at least 270 manufacturing establishments, employing 218,000 persons, on the shorter week. Adding those listed by the American Federation of Labor a year ago, and not covered by the employers' survey, the total of employees becomes about 400,000. Since then a large number of building-trades workers and others have achieved the five-day week—including 150,000 in New York City alone. There is good ground for the belief that nearly a million persons now enjoy the full Saturday holiday the year round. One reason for the rapid adoption of the new schedule is that it is found in many cases not to hamper output. Of the firms reporting to the Conference Board, forty-nine stated that there had been no change in weekly production following the adoption of the shorter week, while 19.2 percent discovered that their output had actually been increased. With as good or better production, there is an obvious economy in omitting to start up the plant on Saturday—not to speak of the advantages derived by the workers themselves for a real week-end.

WHILE General Smuts has been making speeches in England on the African question, the natives in South Africa have been making themselves heard. The center of the agitation, which dates back to last June, is the city of Durban. At that time the native labor union, called the "I. C. U.," started a boycott of the Durban native beer-halls. The movement led to raids upon these beer-halls and to severe reprisals from European civilians. Following these beer-hall riots, the government introduced a bill authorizing the Minister of Justice to deal with seditious propaganda. Apparently, before this bill was enacted, another even more serious incident occurred at Durban in October, when 12,000 natives flatly refused to pay their poll-taxes.

URGED on by the ultra-radical Afrikanders, the Minister of Justice finally decided to raid the native compounds, and in the latter part of November, this raid was carried out with the aid of gas-masks and tear-gas bombs, 600 arrests being made. The effect of the raid has been to drive the moderate native leaders into the extremist camp. Apparently the white men back of the raid wished to increase European fears, so as to hurry the Union Parliament into enacting legislation depriving the Cape natives of their franchise. These Europeans insist that the present native unrest is due to Communist agitation from Moscow. Undoubtedly Communist agitators take advantage of oppression in any part of the world, but the remedy obviously is not in a policy of force which only increases the influence of the agitators. The real remedy for South Africa's recurrent native troubles is a policy which will give the native population an opportunity for economic and political development. This policy means the repeal of color-bar legislation, an increase in native-owned land, and granting the natives representation in Parliament.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE CORRESPONDENCE schools have developed to such a degree that "the whole vast subject of universal law and order," as revealed by the higher thought, can now be studied by mail. We can learn, with the help of the U. S. Post Office, "the great end and purpose of mortal existence." We can "reach beyond this lowly plane to vastly superior levels of organized substance, thereby contacting and sensing universal states of being"; we can achieve oneness with the Universal Ego, and we can do all this merely by tearing off a coupon and mailing it to the Society for Higher Mental Training, in Lincoln, Nebraska. Two correspondence courses of twelve lessons each are offered to aspiring students. To those who have completed both courses, and who, through proper consecration and training, have learned to use this inner knowledge for the general good, there is available a study of the Mysteries, terminating in "a modern application of ancient symbology and a final introduction to the secrets of universal association." The cost of this higher study is not revealed. The first correspondence course, however, is offered for $35; the two courses together cost only $60; and there is, even in these supra-mundane realms, a discount of 10 percent for cash.

THE Balkans can be relied upon to furnish international friction when the rest of Europe is concerned with domestic affairs. Internal excitements were preponderant this week, for instance, in Germany, where the government bowed to Schacht and the Reichstag bowed to the government; in France, where Tardieu held power by a narrow margin of twenty-three votes after Daladier had exposed the Premier's army budget, showing France spends more for military than for all other purposes combined; in Poland, where the government fell, and, fallen, waited for Pilsudski to allow it to rise; in England, where MacDonald, for the time being, forgot naval reduction in favor of domestic politics; in Czechoslovakia, where the new Cabinet took control; in Spain, where Primo de Rivera finally declared that the dictatorship would be abolished in September, 1930. In the breathing spell before the second Hague conference, the League meeting and the naval parley, most nations appeared glad of the chance to transact some local politics. The Balkans, however, continued their perennial traditions by manifesting the only noticeable signs of friction and this, as ever, in their capacity as satellites of France and Italy. France's satellites of the Little Entente snarled again at Italy's protegé Hungary. Mironescu announced that Rumania, Czechoslovakia and Jugoslavia would do all possible to force Hungary to meet her reparations obligations at the Hague. Italy replied by sending her Hague delegates to Budapest, where they promised the Hungarians Italy's complete support at the conference. France and Italy both wooed Bulgaria, simultaneously, but Italy won, surprising her new friend by amicably releasing her claims against Austria's revenues and making possible an American loan. Jugoslavia's two submarines, built by the French navy yards, meanwhile did their part to induce Italy tentatively to announce her accession to the Anglo-American desire to abolish these "poor man's dreadnaughts." The Balkans are living up to their reputation; but it is the conviction of most European observers that if the great powers would leave them alone, their belligerence would mightily decrease.

Navies and Neutral Rights

THE recent British White Paper defending the government's adherence to the so-called Optional Clause of the World Court statute is chiefly important because of its bearing on the approaching Naval Conference. Its form, of course, seems to give it quite another purpose. It is ostensibly aimed against internal critics of the government's course in accepting the statute. This Optional Clause is optional only in that it may be either accepted or rejected by any nation which agrees to use the Court. It is, in another sense, a compulsory clause, however, in that it binds those who accept it to submit virtually all international disputes to the Court's adjudication. The White Paper takes the form of a reply to those British subjects who object that Great Britain should not accept compulsory jurisdiction of the Court, since to do so gives an international body the right to control the use of British sea power in time of war.

The reply makes the point that the use of that power is already limited by the existence of the League of Nations and the Kellogg Pact. No member of the League can lawfully engage in war, except against a nation which by its failure to use the League machinery of conciliation or arbitration has become internationally recognized as an aggressor. If Britain were defending herself against such a nation, the other members of the League, far from appealing to the Court against the use of her navy, would be bound to recognize her right to all possible measures of defense against the outlaw, if not, indeed, to apply sanctions in Britain's behalf. The only other case in which Britain's fleet might be employed to police the seas would be in the application of sanctions against an aggressor which was attacking some other member of the League. In that case, also, there could be no objection.

The World Court will never have occasion to deal with a dispute concerning British sea power vs. the rights of neutrals who are League members, since in any future war there will be no such neutrals. The argument assumes, of course, that Great Britain will remain a law-abiding member of the League and will not herself become an aggressor.

The same logic is applied to signatories of the Kellogg Pact. In principle, the argument is just

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

as impeccable here as in the case of the League. The United States, for instance, could not with a straight face maintain, whether before the World Court or by diplomatic correspondence, the right to ship munitions to a belligerent which had defied the Kellogg Pact by resorting to aggressive war. Nor could Great Britain attempt to interrupt our trade with a belligerent which was defending itself against the aggressor. There could, in these circumstances, be no dispute between us and Great Britain concerning "freedom of the seas," or about belligerent vs. neutral rights. The only difficulty here, though the White Paper does not say so, is the practical one that Great Britain and the United States might not agree as to whether a given nation had broken its pledge under the Kellogg Pact. There is no machinery of adjustment under the treaty, refusal to employ which would brand the aggressor.

In spite of the clear logic of this interpretation of the documents, sober-minded persons are bound to regard these intricate calculations as to what might happen in a future war with a good deal of reserve. The important thing is not to predict or bind action in warfare, but to prevent warfare from breaking out. Once war has come, the fat is in the fire. And one of the most important tasks now before the world in the endeavor to alleviate international friction is further to limit, and if possible to reduce, naval armament. This is why the real importance of the new British White Paper lies in its bearing on the Naval Conference.

In that conference, however, we are justified in appealing to exactly the sort of logic employed by the White Paper. For it is upon the eventualities of war that any possible justification for navies depends. Persons who calculate the strategic needs of the United States or Great Britain or France or Italy, or persons who try to work out formulas for parity or for ratios of strength, must base their calculations upon the uses to which the navies would be put if there should be a war. If there is to be no war, there is no need for navies. And the nations have all agreed that there is to be no war, except against a nation which breaks that agreement. Therefore, either the nations are completely cynical in their adherence to the League of Nations or the Kellogg Pact, or navies will only be used against the aggressor, just as the White Paper contends. In order to disprove their cynicism, the several nations must adjust their strategic calculations to the latter situation.

And what does this mean, in practice? It means, specifically, that Great Britain need not be prepared to police neutral trade at sea. It means that the United States need not build a navy to challenge that possible exercise of power. Great Britain can reduce her navy to the lowest terms necessary to safeguard her own sea-borne commerce against a possible international outlaw. The United States can do the same.

We do not see how Senator Borah or any other isolationist can object to the logic of this interpretation of the Kellogg treaty, unless he contemplates the possibility of disagreement with Great Britain as to whether a given nation has violated it. The statement that, in a future war, there can be no neutrals must not be taken too literally. This does not mean that we must use our armed forces against the violater. But it does mean that we cannot insist upon trading with that nation. Give us the utmost freedom of action, allow us to decide what we would do when the situation arises, and still it cannot be asserted that, as a signatory of the Kellogg Pact, we could possibly assert full neutral rights of trade with an aggressor.

If American commentators who intend that we should loyally live up to the Kellogg Pact object to the White Paper, there is, therefore, only one honorable course open to them. Since their objection can be based only upon the difficulty of defining an aggressor, they must move forward to the establishment of machinery under the Pact to serve that end. Apparently, Mr. Hoover has gone ahead on the assumption that such machinery will be unnecessary. He is ready to reduce the United States Navy as far as Great Britain is willing to go, without providing for any possible disagreement on policing of the seas. This is a tenable position, if it is a practical aid towards naval reduction—which is the end now chiefly in view. Another tenable position would be to work for implementation of the Kellogg Pact, as a safeguard against disagreement. But for anyone to support the Kellogg treaty and at the same time to deny the fundamental logic of the British White Paper is absurd. And for any advocate of naval disarmament to do so is reckless in the extreme, since the logic of the White Paper underlies the whole Anglo-American understanding. Without that logic, there would be no good answer to the naval strategists of both nations, who base their conceptions of the needs of the respective countries largely upon a conflict between neutral and belligerent rights such as that which arose before the United States entered the War. If we are to play the naval game at all, we had better do so according to the new rules; otherwise the solemn covenants of the nations will be wholly without meaning.

The Kyoto Conference

THE INSTITUTE OF PACIFIC RELATIONS has in recent years developed a new technique in international affairs second only in importance to that of the League of Nations, and, in some ways, even more striking than that which is practised at Geneva. This technique is based on furnishing the opportunity for full and free discussion between representatives of various nations who are important, authoritative spokesmen, without being in any way official delegates from their governments. They are, therefore, able to speak

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

out candidly on difficult controversial subjects, as officials never are; and what they say is carried back, in accurate form, to the capitals involved. Only the general outline of what happens each day is made public in the press—a fact which gives a reality to the discussion which it would not otherwise have. No resolutions are adopted, and the delegates thus avoid long hours of heart-breaking labor in attempting to find some formula so weak and evasive that it will serve to reconcile the irreconcilable. No conclusions are reached, and if a problem seems incapable of solution, it is possible to say so—a luxury which professional political leaders may never permit themselves.

These advantages, which have been present in previous meetings of the Institute, were even more conspicuous in the conference at Kyoto, Japan, recently concluded. In view of the dangerous situation in the Far East, and the amount of international tension which exists between China and Japan, China and Russia, and, potentially, Russia and Japan, it was a courageous thing to hold the conference at a place so near the danger zone. There were a few ticklish moments, especially during the discussion of Manchuria by the Chinese and Japanese delegates, but, in every case, an explosion was averted, and the conference closed in a more friendly atmosphere than could possibly have been predicted. There is no doubt that the representatives of each of these two countries gained a much better understanding of the point of view of the other than they had previously had. The whole idea of unofficial conferences of this type has also gained great prestige in the East, where before it had been taken with a skepticism which was only natural in view of the brand of *realpolitik* practised by the Western powers in that part of the world for the past fifty years, which has led the Oriental peoples to view with a certain degree of suspicion any sort of novel proposal originating in the West.

A practical result of this new attitude toward unofficial conferences was found in Japanese proposals for further meetings of this sort to discuss the Manchurian question. Another result was the development of several projects for negotiations between representatives of China and the other powers concerned, as to the abolition of extra-territoriality, which the Nanking government has announced that it proposes to put into effect on January 1. A more concrete "result" of the conference—it came before the meeting opened, but was undoubtedly brought about by the fact that the subject was due to be discussed—was the reduction in the press rate on cablegrams between Japan and the United States, which will help to increase the volume of news passing across the Pacific.

It is a regrettable fact, for which the Institute officials were not responsible, that Russian delegates did not participate fully in the conference. Two highly intelligent observers were present, however, and while their instructions did not permit them to contribute to the discussions, they heard much, reported it carefully to Moscow, and recommended full participation in the next conference. The fact of their presence was responsible for adding to the program, at the last moment, a discussion of the Chinese Eastern Railway dispute, in which the Russians heard the Chinese side, but not *vice versa*.

While the proceedings of the round tables, in which the delegates talked back and forth with great frankness, were not published in the press, public meetings were held, at which there were speeches and discussions, and these were reported at extraordinary length in the Japanese newspapers, and widely elsewhere, throughout the Orient and, indeed, all over the world. The policy of keeping the round-table discussions confidential was not based on any love of secrecy for its own sake; it was intended to let the discussion develop so that, as one American delegate put it, a man who said one thing today might be free to change his mind and take a new position tomorrow. If today's remarks are recorded in the news columns of the world's journals, it is only human that he should stick by them, and seek to justify them, at the next session. At the end of each day, however, competent American and Japanese journalists met the reporters and summarized for them the general drift of the day's discussion.

Some minor aspects of the conference, as was to be expected, are open to criticism. Some of the delegates felt that the experts on special subjects were not equitably distributed among the various round tables. Of some of the members themselves, it was only too painfully clear that they had not availed themselves of the voluminous and careful preliminary information with which the Institute's permanent staff had provided them. The opening days of the conference were deliberately planned for the discussion of less controversial issues than those considered later on in the round-table meetings; and the latter were, necessarily, of much greater value than the former. The very fact, however, that criticism is confined to such matters of detail is testimony to the value of the Institute's central conception, and the skill with which it was put into effect.

Additional testimony is to be found in the fact that, as a result of the Kyoto conference, there has been some talk of a Pacific League of Nations, talk based on the feeling that the Geneva organization is too far away, and too much preoccupied with European affairs, to have the value it should in the Orient. This talk seems destined to come to nothing; but it is not at all impossible that as a result of it, Geneva will take steps to heighten and deepen its interest in affairs in the Pacific area. As for the Institute itself, it has enormously augmented its own prestige and influence. At a time when affairs in China are going so badly, it has put itself in a position to play a part in the Orient of great importance.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Business as Usual

THE "key men" of American industry have reported from Washington that conditions are sound and promising. The department stores, the retail trade in general, the instalment-credit houses, the boot and shoe manufacturers, have all announced that business is proceeding as usual. The newspapers are filled with optimistic statements; and meanwhile along the Bowery, in New York, one sees long lines of men without overcoats, shivering in the December wind and holding these same newspapers open to the Help Wanted columns, which somehow fail to carry the same bright message of prosperity.

It is true, perhaps, that conditions are fair in American business as a whole, but conditions are bad this winter for the unemployed. Just how bad they are, it is impossible to say, owing to the almost complete lack of unemployment statistics. It is possible, however, to arrive at a partial picture of the situation by reading the inside pages of the newspapers—which are relatively free from the optimism of the front-page headlines—by listening to conversations wherever men gather, and by comparing the reports of individual observers.

Let us proceed by this method, confining ourselves to New York, where the speculative losses in the recent stock-market panic were heaviest, and utilizing whatever scraps of information are available. The worst conditions, as might be expected, seem to prevail in the luxury trades. Rents in the fur district have been generally reduced—in some cases by as much as a third—and many firms have gone out of business. Photographers report that times are slack; people are not having their pictures taken. Fifty-Seventh Street, the center of antique and specialty shops, is afflicted with empty salesrooms and forced auctions. Art dealers are moving to upper stories, where rents are cheaper; the painters and sculptors whose work they handle are living meagerly. On Broadway, the season has been disastrous, and not for actors and playwrights alone: one theater-ticket agency has discharged sixteen of its clerks. The Christmas bonuses in Wall Street will be smaller this year—in some cases no more than half of what they were in 1928.

The department stores report a fair volume of Christmas shopping. However, they add that conditions are "spotty"—in other words, that some stores and some departments, especially those which handle the cheaper articles, are showing an increase over last year's business, while others are suffering a considerable loss. On the whole, fewer clerks have been hired for the Christmas trade, and these few have been chosen from a larger number of applicants. Employment agencies unofficially report that they are hearing more hard-luck stories than ever before, and that they are having unusual difficulty in placing their clients, especially in the fields of publicity and advertising.

Organized charity has been receiving calls for help from new sources. Artists whose commissions for murals or portraits have been canceled, music teachers who have lost their pupils, architects with no houses to design, and upper servants who have been discharged by their suddenly impoverished employers, all have turned to the New York Welfare Council, which in turn has found its own ability to help impaired by the stock-market losses of what were in former years its heaviest contributors. Crimes directly attributable to poverty seem to have been increasing; on one day, two men in widely separated parts of the metropolitan district broke police-station windows in order to spend a well-fed Christmas in jail.

Meanwhile, vast projects of improvement and expansion have been announced—for next year—by American railways, factories and public utilities. "Administration officials," says The New York Times of December 14, "now seem satisfied that the dark clouds which were looming on the horizon before the President initiated his business-revival program, have been swept away." There is a fair prospect that 1930 will be for business in general what President Farrell of the United States Steel Corporation calls "a good average year."

Yet the problem of unemployment remains to be solved. A year of average prosperity in the United States is almost never a year of uniform prosperity. Some industries are always below the average, whatever it may be, and thousands of men in these industries are always being thrown out of work. If the men in question are over forty years old, they have no certainty of reëmployment. American workmen are the highest paid in the world, but they are also, perhaps, the most insecure: they have no doles, no unemployment insurance, no old-age pensions; when discharged they are left to wander in the streets, spend the night in flop-joints and read the Help Wanted columns. The prospect of "a good average year" may be satisfactory to administration officials and to Mr. Hoover himself—but what does it mean to John Jones, once employed as a photographer or a clerk, and now wandering up and down the Bowery among the men without overcoats?

THE NEW REPUBLIC

PUBLISHED WEEKLY AND COPYRIGHT, 1929, IN THE U. S., BY THE NEW REPUBLIC, INC., 421 WEST 21ST STREET, NEW YORK
HERBERT CROLY, PRESIDENT; DANIEL MEBANE, TREASURER

EDITORS

HERBERT CROLY BRUCE BLIVEN GEORGE SOULE
EDMUND WILSON STARK YOUNG R. M. LOVETT

CONTRIBUTING EDITORS

JANE ADDAMS JOHN DEWEY WALDO FRANK
ALVIN JOHNSON E. C. LINDEMAN LEWIS MUMFORD
GILBERT SELDES R. G. TUGWELL LEO WOLMAN

RATES: SINGLE COPIES, FIFTEEN CENTS; YEARLY SUBSCRIPTION, FIVE DOLLARS; CANADIAN, FIVE DOLLARS AND FIFTY CENTS; FOREIGN, SIX DOLLARS; THREE MONTHS' TRIAL, ONE DOLLAR.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Abolish the Battleship!

The Opportunity Which Confronts the London Naval Conference, and the Serious Result If It Is Not Grasped

THE Naval Conference approaches, irradiated by the afterglow of the Anglo-American honeymoon. One notices on the English side of the Atlantic a tendency to regard it as a mere ratification of those happy conversations in Washington. Have we not agreed, once and for all, upon parity? Is not the possibility of war between the English-speaking peoples eliminated, even from the professional calculations of the admirals? The details, indeed, await the final technical definition, but even these, we are assured, are settled within a margin of 30,000 tons. Public opinion, with this view of the outlook before it, is complacent and satisfied, enormously content at the happy turn in the relations of London and Washington, and barely aware that anything further is at stake.

It may well be content with the political outcome of Mr. MacDonald's visit, in which, for the first time, the two democracies discovered each other. But there will be other issues at the London Conference. Will there come out of it any substantial reduction of armaments; and in what shape will it leave our own relations with our European neighbors?

The latter question may seem to concern Englishmen more closely than Americans, but on a close view this comforting anticipation may disappear. One must realize at the outset that France will enter this Conference in a mood of unusual disquiet and irritation. She was disturbed in all her calculations when she realized that the Labor government had actually put an end to the Entente Cordiale. That seemed to her so nearly incredible that she expected the fall of this iniquitous administration from one hour to another. The inevitable shock of this discovery was rendered unnecessarily bitter by Mr. Snowden's bad manners at the Hague Conference. But mere ignorance has aggravated, and still aggravates, our uneasy relationship, for the French will not take the trouble to adjust themselves to a new situation which they suppose to be temporary. If they realized that Labor has probably four, and conceivably eight, years of office before it, they might make the effort of adaptation which, at present, seems to them superfluous. In this mood of alarm at their own isolation, they chose to interpret Mr. MacDonald's visit as a sign that London had substituted an Anglo-American quasi-alliance for the Entente Cordiale.

It followed that the Anglo-American proposals to limit cruisers and abolish submarines, while leaving the battle fleets intact, struck the French as a plan to stabilize our superiority at sea in a more crushing form than ever before. France possesses no modern battleships, and has allowed sixteen years to pass without attempting to build them. She faced our twenty monsters, trusting in the first place to the link of the Entente, secondly, to the efficiency of her own submarines, and, thirdly, to the check of the American fleet. Today the Entente is dead; we ask her to abolish submarines, while, as she sees the position, American and British power are in a new and disturbing relation of intimacy. If this does not mean (as her alarmists spluttered) that the two fleets will act together, at least, it may mean that the British Admiralty is free to operate as it pleases in the Old World, and can concentrate most of its strength in European waters. That signifies, in the jargon of our hemisphere which American and British Liberals regard as obsolete, a shifting of the balance of power to the disadvantage of France.

We are impatient, both of us, at this mode of thought, but unless we can divine what is passing in the minds of the French, and contrive in some way to reassure them, the Conference may end in disappointment. For no Frenchman, if he sees the balance of power shifting against him, will consent to disarm. He would have disarmed (or so he flatters himself) if America had joined Britain in 1919 in guaranteeing the Eastern frontier. He would have done it, if the Geneva Protocol had been ratified, for it would have buttressed the European *status quo* and the Versailles settlement by a tight and reliable system of military sanctions. But to disarm when he seems to stand more perilously alone than at any moment since 1904—that would be gross imprudence.

One fears, then, that all the ingenuity of the French will be used—with the brilliant and adaptable M. Briand responsible to a moderate majority and a Conservative Premier—to frustrate disarmament. They would like to gain time by delaying the meeting of the Conference. They may try to give to all its debates a hypothetical and contingent character, by plying the argument that disarmament is no mere naval question. One defends oneself as best one may on land, at sea and in the air. How can one isolate any one of these fields of defense? And so the French may plead, with their usual plausible logic, that they cannot consent to diminish their power at sea, until they know

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

whether the subsequent Conference at Geneva will leave it relatively intact on land and in the air. To the less subtle Anglo-Saxon mind, this seems like a deliberate complication of the issues, devised to frustrate any clear-cut decision. Our method, when we mean business, is to isolate questions, even at the expense of logic. In this instance our instinct is probably sound. If the Naval Conference achieves little, then the French will argue that since we have not disarmed at sea, neither will she disarm on land. Alternatively, it is probable that if she knew in advance that her land armaments were safe, she might consent to drastic reductions at sea.

We may feel, such is our new confidence in each other, that Anglo-American friendship would survive the failure of this Conference. We might both have to build ships which ought to be superfluous, but we should not build against each other. True; but two very unpleasant consequences would follow. In the first place, no disarmament whatever would result, and the world would smile cynically at the Pact of Paris, which had failed, while renouncing war, to make ships or guns less necessary than before. In the second place, the French, by isolating themselves morally, would compel America and Great Britain to act together with precisely that exclusive intimacy which both of us disavow. The French, in other words, by maladroit opposition to an Anglo-American quasi-alliance which does not exist, may come near to creating it. That is the last thing we desire, but it may come about, if this Conference fails. Friendships, helpful, intimate, but not exclusive, are possible in a disarmed world. In a world which refuses to disarm, a working friendship can hardly fail to become an alliance.

The moral is clear. One can insure the success of this Conference only by removing the suspicions which the French entertain. One can dispel this distorted vision of overgrown Anglo-American power only by a demonstration that we are indifferent to power. It is not enough to arrange parity and to limit building. This Conference can dissipate the Old World reasoning about the balance of power only by a great renunciation of power itself. In plain words it must be by a bold reduction of naval armaments that we prepare the new era in which war is outlawed. Only by bringing France herself cordially and sincerely into this movement, can we obviate the danger that our own intimacy will drift towards an exclusive alliance.

Liberal opinion in America is, perhaps, more sharply conscious than opinion of the same shade in England that the Washington conversations have achieved little for disarmament. Parity, indeed, on the scale which British admirals have laid down, might well mean that there will be more cruisers in the world after the Conference than there were before it. Here the responsibility lies with us. But no final decision, one gathers, has yet been taken by England. Our admiralty feels an unfortunate, if natural reluctance to content itself with twelve 10,000-ton cruisers, since that total would involve the scrapping of three vessels not yet completed, on which much good money has been spent. It remains to be seen whether economy and policy will prevail over this intelligible sentiment.

But by far the greater opportunity for reduction is presented by capital ships. It is certain that even the naval die-hards will consent to postpone the replacement of battleships for five years, and to lower the maximum tonnage of each ship. So much was in Mr. Baldwin's program. But is this to be all? Do we really contemplate that seven years after the renunciation of war, we shall each begin spending our national resources at the rate of forty million dollars apiece, on fifteen of these ships, which have no conceivable use, save to impose on others the will of a wealthy people by force? Cruisers have their uses even in peace, for purposes of police. Battleships exist only to sink other battleships. British naval thinkers are slow to accept Mr. Hoover's contention that all armaments are relative, when this maxim is applied to cruisers. The number of these vessels destined to protect our trade routes, they say, should stand in some arithmetical ratio to the mileage which they must patrol; there is, therefore, some absolute minimum of safety. But no such reasoning applies to battleships. Here all is relative—numbers, tonnage and armaments. Each of us is obliged to build and maintain them only because others keep up the fashion. The "others" are growing conspicuously fewer. France and Italy will never build a battleship again. Three powers, only, combine to inflict this charge upon each other.

It is no solution to postpone replacement. Indeed, to say, in cold blood, that we will start building these leviathans five years hence is rather worse than to do it now. It implies that peace will have made no progress in five years. To scale down the displacement of each ship to 30,000 tons, or even as the Japanese propose, to 25,000 tons, is manifestly a weak compromise between the radical younger school which doubts the combatant value of the battleship when faced by hydroplanes and submarines, and the conservatives who cannot forget that great ships mean prestige, to say nothing of contracts and careers. It is not even certain that these slightly smaller ships would be cheaper, for they would have to carry thicker and costlier deck armor against attacks from the air.

The trend, then, alike of the political and of the technical argument, carries us to the bold conclusion that the battleship ought to be abolished. By this one means, either a ruthless and simultaneous scrapping of every ship over 10,000 tons, or else an agreement (adjusted equitably among the three fleets) not to replace existing ships when their normal term of life expires. The former would be incomparably the more satisfactory solution, for it would be difficult to exaggerate its value as a proof that we were all sincere in our renuncia-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

tion of war. At this point the reader may inquire whether this proposal is merely the cloistered wisdom which Liberals exchange in their impotent seclusion, or is a policy which any government dare propose.

The answer is plain and direct. This policy will be proposed at the Five-Power Conference. The question is rather: will the British and American governments dare to reject it? For it is the intention of France to propose it, and one can hear in advance the eloquence of M. Briand's oration. It will be, of course, her answer to the Anglo-American suggestion for the abandonment of submarines. It will cost France nothing, and it will make an effective retort. Doubtless, M. Briand expects us to reject it. He will then keep his submarines with a clear conscience, and the Conference will end in stalemate. But can America, after Mr. Hoover's offer to go "as low as others will go," reject it? And can Great Britain refuse it, if America accepts? My sober belief is that it wants only such a measure of courage as is within the compass of the practical politician, to adopt this radical policy. Years of expert skepticism as to the utility of the battleship have prepared public opinion for it, and even The London Times consents to print the able articles of Admiral Richmond, in which he argues that we require no warships over 10,000 tons. This immense advance towards a disarmed world is within our reach. If we would be wise, let us for once affect to be simple. The proposal may be nothing but a tactical maneuver. Let us be blind to its subtlety, and welcome it in all its literalness.

London. H. N. BRAILSFORD.

Farm Relief or Bank Relief?

I KNOW a lot of tough-minded farmers and orchardists out in California, and they are asking pregnant questions about federal farm relief. Granted that they have been hornswoggled and frustrated so often that they would ask questions about any gift horse, still in this case their questions seem pertinent. They may become national questions.

President Hoover's Farm Board, with $500,000,000 to loan as it sees fit, has interpreted the new Farm Relief Act in a certain way, and by that interpretation has undertaken to stimulate, require and even demand the existence of coöperatives, technically grower-owned, for the marketing of crops. Chairman Legge says: "The funds entrusted to the care of the Board will be administered for the purpose of carrying out its program, of which the central thought will be the strengthening of the coöperative movement." The Board, under him, is manned with coöperative veterans. You belong to a coöperative of which this Board approves, or you get none of the federal farm-aid money, with its easy terms of interest and repayment.

Well and good. It strikes a splendid note. We all are sold on the proposition that a thoroughgoing coöperative structure would be the redemption of agriculture. What about the method? A man of long experience in coöperative organization who is himself the head and leading spirit of a very fine local coöperative, said to me of the Farm Board's policy, before a single loan had been made: "That's a hell of a way to upbuild coöperation! What we shall get will be the coöperative shape, not the substance. Coöperation bribed into the farmer from above won't last. In the end, this will set back the American coöperative movement another twenty years." Was he right? Another veteran in progressive agricultural causes explained: "What people fail to see is that there are true and there are false coöperatives. The false ones are the worst enemies of the true. My guess is that the false coöperatives will have first call on the Farm Board's money, and the true ones will continue to struggle along by themselves. Why? Because the false ones will have all the banking influence. This $500,000,000 of easy-term federal money is the banks' best chance to get rid of bad debts, or, conversely, to build up their chosen friends in agriculture. This isn't farm relief—it's bank relief."

Many readers will regard these opinions as extreme. However, let us consider one of the first of the great loans advanced by the Farm Board. The very first, as will be recalled, was $300,000 advanced to fight the fruit fly in Florida. The second, to which I refer, was a loan, or series of loans, totaling nearly $12,000,000, to the grape industry of California. It began one week-end, with the announcement that the Farm Board, together with three banks, had advanced $9,000,000 to the Sun-Maid Raisin Association. Now, the grape industry, hit hard by federal prohibition, needs federal help. Were there, then, parades of rejoicing farmers all up and down the grape belt? There were not.

What happened was that the growers in several towns immediately held meetings of protest. In two raisin centers, they actually organized and pledged defense funds to be used if lawsuits should arise from their refusal to deliver their grapes to Sun-Maid. The largest "pool" of raisin-grape growers published paid advertisements in the newspapers, declaring that its tonnage would not under the circumstances be sold to Sun-Maid. The first act of farm relief had brought a farmers' strike!

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

And the strike spread. Two weeks or so later, when the Board offered a second credit of $750,000 to the fresh-grape side of the industry, provided the growers would organize and put up $500,000 of their own for stabilization, it led to meetings all up and down the state. Five of these meetings I attended. As a matter of public record, the farmers adopted resolutions favoring and accepting the offer—then, individually, flatly declined to put up the required collateral. The really significant talk at the meetings occurred before, in the washrooms, and afterwards. Men said—many said it, and I heard them—"That isn't farm relief—that's bank relief." The phrase went all up and down the state.

The loan in which the growers were to participate was abandoned—rejected. And it was all because the growers believed that the first big loan, the one to Sun-Maid, was really a hand-out to the banks. That concern has outstanding a $5,000,000 bond issue floated by Dillon, Read and Company, and was indebted to certain banks for lesser sums. It is a coöperative, but many growers who do not regard it as being any longer under grower-control, have gradually withdrawn, until its one-time 90 per-cent raisin monopoly has shrunk to about 40 per-cent. The Farm Board, seeking, and perhaps rightly, to lift it, had picked up a hot iron. The situation is one to think about.

Thinking about it, one wonders whether the two men quoted above really hit the nail on the head. Verbalism is our common curse, in American economics no less than in politics. In California—and this is probably true throughout the nation—the coöperatives fall into two general classes—the relatively little, local, modest, home-grown co-operatives, and the big, state-wide or crop-wide, stridently influential, "overhead" coöperatives that gather together the output of the component locals and carry them a step or so onward towards the consumer.

Nothing in the American industrial scene can be much finer than the former. These beautiful, model fruit-packing houses, creameries, olive-processing plants, nut-grading establishments—owned by the surrounding growers, built by their cash and their credit, run by their elected leaders, managed, like as not, by a home-raised manager who grew up with the plant, went to the university and came back to give his skill to his neighbors—these are indeed coöperatives, these show participation; they have grown out of the community life and are psychological structures as well as factories. One cannot always apply the superficial test of cash profits—farming itself isn't prosperous, there are ups and downs in management—but, at least, such structures do not go to pieces when hard times come, and, where comparisons can be made, they return more money to their members than the competing commercial concerns. They pack goods of a high quality. They work.

But the moment we go higher, into the showy "overhead" coöperatives, we find trouble. Something disappears, something else comes in. These super-organizations often don't stay true. Again, there are exceptions, but the tendency is clear: the titular heads of these big concerns become farmer-kings, agricultural higher-ups. They hobnob with bank presidents, railroad presidents and all that; their hired managers are wooed by bank-department heads and traffic superintendents and lumber-company agents and the representatives of the Eastern produce-auctions. If they ever had the grower point of view, they incline to lose it, and if co-operatives must be coöperative, these huge concerns show about as much "control from below" as Dodge Brothers. They were not started from below. They did not grow up from the local coöperatives; they were put down on top of them, and they show it.

In California, these "higher-up" farm groups were state-organized. Always political, they now control agricultural legislation. Last spring they fought, and killed, legislation for State certification of quality; they emasculated legislation for State aid in market-expansion. In so doing, they fought side by side with the powerful—and thoroughly private—cannery combine. Are these coöperatives? Technically, yes. But they do not even attempt to eliminate the middleman. They do not save money for farmer and consumer by establishing coöperatively-owned outlets at the great marketing centers in this country or abroad. There are some exceptions, like the dairy group. However, the great bulk of perishables and semi-perishables which the "overhead" coöperatives take over from their fine little member-coöperatives are simply loaded aboard the cars, hauled East, and turned over for sale to the commercial auction companies—distinctly racket-like concerns—where the price to the farmer is directly determined by the bidding of private jobbers, and where coöperatively packed goods come under the hammer with commercially packed goods, suffering that very loss of identity which it is the whole purpose of the coöperative movement to avoid. The coöperative control, in brief, is abandoned part-way to the consumer.

Whether such kingly and reactionary concerns, none too favorable to the grower, are to figure in the foreground of farm relief and get the larger share of Farm Board money, only the event can determine. It is certainly something to watch for, as the farmers in California are watching. Whether, narrowing it down, those doubly influential "overhead" coöperatives that are deeply in debt to the banks will now have these debts transferred to the federal government, with a saving of perhaps half the interest rate to the debtor concern as its sole gain, and a great rejoicing in banking circles over the liquidation of their most worrisome frozen assets, again the event will determine. Any real "strengthening of the coöperative movement"

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

would have to be much more constructive than that. Since the local coöperatives must of course have joint structures to centralize their products, ship them and market them, it should be feasible for the Farm Board to determine, before advancing its loans, whether any such joint structure has remained a genuine servant or whether it has become manipulator and king. Control from below and sincere response to grower membership and grower needs are the psychological essentials of the true coöperative. On paper, there may be no distinction. Still, there is one practical test: the true coöperative would control its goods as near to the consumer's back doorstep as possible, and would ceaselessly work to get nearer. Under no circumstances would it admit the influence of private auctions or canneries or jobbers, or the bankers thereof, and so leave its duty to grower and consumer half-done.

If these essentials can be obtained through what my friend termed a "bribe from above," then the new federal policy will be a permanent national gain. But, if the use of this $500,000,000 be only such as to cement and strengthen a selfish farm autocracy, the farmer will know it, and won't be pleased.

ERNEST HOPKINS.

Aimee Rises from the Sea

AS I PREDICTED two years ago, the California Legislature recently put Mrs. Aimee Semple McPherson on the rack in a final effort to make her confess adultery. Sister had confounded the Babbitts of Southern California, their police, their newspapers, their courts, their clergy, and thousands of voluntary snoopers. This grand final trap was known as the impeachment trial of Superior Judge Carlos S. Hardy. The jurist, however, was only a ventriloquist's dummy. He had demonstrated his unfitness for the bench by his conduct in the Hickman trial; the American Bar Association had expelled him; his "acquittal" was a foregone conclusion. No one was interested in Hardy. He was just Exhibit A, displayed to prove that Mrs. McPherson exerted a sinister influence over Big Men, as well as over obvious morons.

The campaign against her was never an effort to expose mountebankery in terms of sense. It was simply an under-cover attempt to suppress her—and later an open civic crusade to punish her—for making a monkey out of Southern California. The efforts to suppress her began in 1923, with sniping and sowing of discord at Angelus Temple, when the clergy, the boosters, the civic-pride patriots and the new esthetes began to realize that Mrs. McPherson, by her success, was making a laughing stock out of Los Angeles in the eyes of the civilized world. She was a magnet, drawing to her the moronic, the bucolic, the sick, the aged—and a whole army of former back-East Christians who, growing mellowed in the warm sunshine of Paradise, were turning against the Hell-fire religion under which they had quaked all their lives. Angelus Temple was a mirror, reflecting the mentality of a multitude of tax payers and legal voters. The under-cover efforts to put down Aimee went on for three years. The open crusade against her started in the summer of 1926, when Sister disappeared in the Pacific Ocean and re-appeared thirty-two days later at Agua Prieta, Mexico, with her kidnapping story.

II

Mrs. McPherson is a strong, healthy, big-boned woman of medium height, about forty years old, and weighs, I judge, about 145 pounds. She has a proud walk, large wrists and ankles, a finely shaped head, wide hips, broad shoulders, a thick neck and a mass of heavy dark-red hair—blonde and bobbed at present. Her smile is wide, engaging and friendly; her voice is the husky, vibrant contralto of the Midway. Sister would be called a handsome woman. Like many a mob-master, she was educated in the School of Experience. Before she embarked upon her geat career in Los Angeles, she had been a wife twice, a widow once, a divorcee once, and was the mother of two children. She had knocked about the world, known and seen the seamy side of life, met and learned much about many kinds of people. She had been, among other things, a school teacher in Canada, a missionary in China, a roaming rural evangelist, a barker for a side-show. There is a certain electric quality about her. She is well fed, cheerful, shrewd, enthusiastic, voluptuous and full of animal magnetism. Mrs. McPherson is an excellent sport. In private conversation one of her favorite colloquialisms is, "That's Oke." She has a highly developed sense of humor, and more vitality and energy, perhaps, than any other woman alive.

From holy Kansas ten years ago, Mrs. McPherson surveyed Southern California. She saw a glorified carnival, with thousands of released Puritans, bewildered farmers, elderly folk, mental and physical incurables dallying along the gorgeous Midway. Her thirty-two perfect strong white teeth flashed in a happy smile. She perceived that the spiritual needs of those people and her peculiar talents fitted together like the Standard Oil Company of Indiana and the Continental Trading Company, Ltd. It was good. In the quaint phraseology of the cloth, Sister heard the Call—just as chiro-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

practors, oil-stock promoters and love-cult leaders were hearing it in all parts of the country—and never did a preacher hear a finer Call with a more unerring ear.

Aimee had no money when she arrived in Los Angeles. She had no friends there. She started her work on a street corner. Within a few years she had thirty thousand devout and generous followers. They built her a $1,500,000 temple. It has a brass band bigger and louder than Sousa's, an organ worthy of any movie cathedral, a female choir bigger and more beautiful than the Metropolitan chorus, a costume wardrobe comparable to Ziegfeld's. Angelus Temple, indeed, boasts almost every appointment except a half-mile track and Swedish baths, including an auditorium with 5,000 seats, a $75,000 broadcasting station, a great commissary, and the classrooms of a university from which 500 young evangelists were graduated last year. The Temple payroll is $7,000 a week. From the day its doors opened, money has poured into it faster than the white-robed walking cashiers have ever been able to make change.

It is possible, of course, that Sister had not analyzed the situation in Southern California. Yet it is possible that she had, for the real estate beagles and patriotism quacks have done it, and she is superior to all of them. Perhaps somebody told her it was the place for her. Maybe she just lit on it instinctively, as a gold-digger lights on a butter-and-egg man. At all events, she hit it. There is nothing mysterious about her success: it is a kindergarten operation of supply and demand. The great majority of people that move to Southern California are not Sinners. They have been Saved for years. Most of them have been going to church all their lives. Many of them are old, many are psychopathic, many are incurably sick. Eastern physicians prescribe Southern California for such people. After six months in the new semi-tropic wonderland, they demand new spiritual medicine and a new technique, the nature of both of which is strongly indicated. Fear is no longer effective. Threats of mundane calamities, floods, lightning bolts, darkness, tornadoes, hail-storms, blizzards—immemorial medicine of theology—work forever in the Mississippi Valley, but they lose their potency in a land where such caprices of nature are unknown. The preachers are seriously handicapped. The only threat left to them is the earthquake; that is an ace, but unfortunately, it is barred by the Chamber of Commerce. In bleakest Vermont a theological sadist might prosper for years by threatening old ladies of eighty-seven with Hell-fire and Damnation; but he would have a hard time keeping a sharp edge on their terror for more than six months in a sun-kissed, flower-garden land of eternal June. The Old Testament threats gradually fail to convince. Nature is too kindly. In the orthodox evangelical churches, where nothing better is offered, the pews become less crowded. The last church census of Los Angeles, compiled by the churches themselves, told the story of decreasing attendance. Yet these people, as always, are crying for religion. They need it. They will pay for it. But they no longer care to be told that a cyclone will hit the wheat back in Kansas if they don't pile the offertory plate high, or that they are going to Hell if they don't stop necking. Forty years of that is almost enough. What they crave now is a few assurances—something brighter, happier, more beautiful. Mrs. McPherson supplied this from the start.

III

Sister substituted the Gospel of Love for the Gospel of Fear. This doctrine was as strange in Southern California as it is elsewhere in Christendom. No ambassador of Christ in that section had ever thought of it until she introduced it; the others had rejected it at once on principle. Sister substituted the cheerfulness of the play-room for the gloom of the morgue. She threw out the dirges and threats of Hell, replacing them with jazz hymns and promises of Glory. The gospel she created was and is an ideal bed-time story. It has a pretty color, a sweet taste, and is easy for the patients to take. She threatens nothing; she promises everything.

Plagiarizing from the Salvation Army, Aimee built Angelus Temple on that great question: "Are You Washed in the Blood of the Lamb?" But Sister went the Army one better. She not only propounded the poser; she answered it. She assured her customers that they were. Next, she invented the Four-Square Gospel. This is a trade-name, based on the supposition that Heaven is surrounded by four walls. Mrs. McPherson describes the Holy City literally—the jewelled walls, pearly gates, golden streets, milk and honey. She says she is not sure—she is not *sure,* mind you—but she has a pretty good idea that Heaven will resemble a cross between Pasadena, California, and Washington, D. C. That will give an idea of what may be expected at Angelus Temple. The atmosphere bubbles over with love, joy, enthusiasm; the Temple is full of flowers, music, golden trumpets, red robes, angels, incense, nonsense and sex appeal. The service may be described as supernatural whoopee. It is balanced by the stronger medicine concocted and dispensed at the Gospel Lighthouse, Sister's third creation. The Lighthouses have been so successful that Sister now has them scattered throughout the United States. Here she introduced a Military Note—the Old Reliable!—with thrills and bold adventure. The Lighthouse was also built to a sure-fire theme-song: "Throw Out the Life Line!" The ladies of the chorus are clad in dapper uniforms so much like those of American Bluejackets that the Navy went to court in a vain effort to prevent Mrs. McPherson from belittling the dignity of Our Boys. The typical Lighthouse service leads up to a Rescue. The grand finale shows a dozen night-gowned virgins clinging to the Rock of Ages, while the wind howls, the thunder roars, the lightning

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

flashes and the waves beat about them. Sister—magnificent in an Admiral-General's uniform—directs the girlish sailors as they throw out the life line, while a corps of male Coast Guard workers for the Lord sweeps a prop sea with searchlights. The virgins are Saved; the curtain descends as the band crashes, the audience stands and cheers, and the American Flag waves triumphantly over all. In New York this spectacle would cost $6.60 in a hellish theatre, run by the Devil and Jake Shubert. Sister merely says: "Put your willing hand in your pocket, praise God, and bring out a five dollar bill!"

Divine healing was not, at first, one of Sister's accomplishments. But it was too tempting to leave to the lesser quacks; it came logically with time, observation and prayer. Sister, I understand, has cured cases of spinal meningitis and club feet. A doctor could never cure a veteran hypochondriac, for none would come within reach of any M. D. But he goes to Angelus Temple, and when Sister fixes him with her large electric eyes, brushes his cheeks with her frankincensed mane, and lays her moist, warm palm upon him, he leaps to his feet, shouts "Glory to God!" and does a Paddock down the aisle: he is cured. He is cured as completely as if he had sat on a red-hot stove, and without the pain.

Some folks say that Mrs. McPherson does a lot of harm; others that she does a lot of good. Certainly she has never harmed anybody. The idea belongs to the nursery. On the contrary, she has pepped up thousands of elderly people until they see angels flying in a blue light over Hollywood. More, she has probably piped ten thousand C. P. I.'s[1] into Ward Five. A public service. Watching these good people joking with Napoleon, I always followed Pollyanna. It happened for the best. There, gently rebuking Catherine of Russia, they are supremely happy; and what is more, they are safe from the wolves. Let us be broad-minded, like the Rotarians. If they had not fallen under Sister's seductive spell, they surely would have been the victims of some other more painful quackery: probably Real Estate or Oil Stock or Patriotism. They might, indeed, have fallen under the sinister influence of the Better America Federation.

IV

The day after Sister disappeared from Ocean Park in her pea-green bathing suit, the congregation of Angelus Temple moved *en masse* to the beach. It is doubtful whether such devotion to a religious leader will ever be seen again in our day. The faithful sang hymns, prayed, built bonfires, wept, wailed and moaned, kept vigil night and day for thirty-two days, played the trumpets, beat the tom-toms and danced on the wet sand in the moonlight. Fishermen dragged for the body and deep-sea divers went down for it. One diver died of exposure. One girl committed suicide, determined to follow Sister to a watery grave, and others were forcibly restrained from casting themselves into the sea. Angelus Temple offered a $25,000 reward for the return of Sister, dead or alive. It stood a month. Then it was withdrawn. Obviously, there was no use. Sister was gone. The next day twelve-hour memorial services were held at Angelus Temple. Perhaps twenty thousand persons attended. Strong men were required to carry the collection baskets.

At three o'clock the following morning, Mrs. McPherson staggered into Agua Prieta, Mexico. The fictional facts, as related by her a few hours later at Douglas, Arizona, and a thousand times since, are well known. Sister had been kidnapped by Jake, Steve and Mexicali Rose. While she was swimming they came to the water's edge and called her. She was lured to a sedan on the pretext of healing a sick child. The two men pitched her into the car in her wet pea-green bathing suit, smothered her cries with blankets, and chloroformed her. She woke up somewhere. Her captors held her there for several days. Then they moved to another place. Then they rode a long time. Finally, they took her to a shack in the desert. Sister was watching every moment for a chance to escape, but thirty-one days passed before the opportunity came. Jake cut off a lock of her hair and Steve burned her hand with a cigar. The night of her escape, the two men had gone away, and Mexicali Rose got paralyzed on *mescal*. Aimee crawled out of her cot, used a tomato can to cut the thongs that bound her, and trekked across the burning sands, under a blinding desert sun, eighteen miles into Agua Prieta. She was not sun-burned; the *chapeau* the kidnappers had given her was a big floppy hat. Her stockings were not even damp; Sister had been too frightened to sweat.

It was the ideal newspaper story: sex, mystery, underworld characters, spooks, hot sands, salt water, public indignation and religious fanaticism. There was great rejoicing at Angelus Temple. "Our Own Sister in Jesus has been found in the Wilderness! Glory to God and Hallelujah!" In Oakland, California, a devout Brother dropped dead from joy. The perfect newspaper story. The hunt was on: but not for kidnappers. The quarry was a woman, and not only a woman, but the best known character on the Pacific Coast. The law, however, was not after Aimee. It was after the kidnappers. The mystery came, as few mysteries had ever come, directly and exclusively within the scope of the press. Public curiosity was boiling. The people of Southern California, outside of Aimee's own flock, were crying to know every detail—and they wanted her punished. It was a direct challenge to the press. Where had Aimee been? Whom had she been with? What had she done? The sky was the limit; the newspapers knew that nothing would be barred if they could expose the facts. All the papers and press services did their best: at Douglas, reporters handed out $20 bills like cigars. But always, directly

[1] Constitutional Psychopathic Inferiorities.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ahead of them, and again directly behind them, was some emissary of the Lord with $50 bills.

Aimee suffered perhaps five hundred interviews and cross-examinations by reporters, not counting scores by detectives. Unable to pierce her mystery, or break down her story which they knew was fiction, the reporters grew desperate. News columns were turned into editorial columns; each succeeding article was more vicious and indignant. The reporters bullied and browbeat Sister, but they could not make her lose her smile. Not once did she weaken under the threats. "That's my story," she said, "and I stick to it. If you don't believe it, disprove it." She flourished on publicity, which she loves as a calf loves milk. Yet there must have been some dark moments when she wished all newshounds in hell.

What crime had she committed? She could not be charged with manslaughter. And a public hoax is not a felony. But catharsis, like love, will find a way, and the desire to do something to this bold woman became a civic mania. Unable to prove her a liar, the public finally got her arrested on a technical charge of "conspiracy to defeat justice," based on the claim that she was not trying to help the police find the kidnappers! When Mrs. McPherson beat that case in open court, they arrested her on another technical charge, "subornation of perjury," based on the claim that she was not telling the truth! In effect, this amounted simply to saying: "We still think you have been unchaste, and we insist on hearing the details."

The newspapers, of course, with the possible exception of The Los Angeles Times, had not been moved by any real indignation. At first they had merely anticipated the cry of the mob. Later they were spurred on by the realization of their own failure. But they have never yet been able to tell the public where Aimee was during those thirty-two days, how she got away from the beach, whom she was with, what she did, or how she reached Agua Prieta. All of this remains as much of a mystery to the public as ever. The papers, to be sure, have printed tons of rumors, suppositions, insinuations, veiled references, fragmentary and questionable evidence —which failed to stand up in court—deductions, and so on, but that is all. They have never yet been able to print the actual story. The secret stuff is in the archives, to be sure, and I have seen it all. But facts in the archives are not worth much. Until they land on the front page they remain, for nearly all practical purposes save black-mail, as dead as a row of corpses in the morgue.

All through the battle, against tremendous odds, Sister fought willingly, with great good humor, and with a superior understanding of the mob mind. Her flock paid all the bills. The mob was an organ; she played on it ceaselessly, and her theme was always the same: "The Emissaries of Hell Persecuting Poor Sister in Jesus." Raising cash to stave off the bloodhounds, she called it the "Fight-the-Devil Fund." She returned every blow with a hearty kick in the pants. If there were times when she grew hysterical, scolded her advisers and wept, the public was not allowed to witness them.

Sister, according to a private revelation vouchsafed me, originally planned to emerge from her watery grave and walk the waters back to safety. If you think she would be afraid to attempt such a miracle, you do not know the woman. Mrs. McPherson has the nerve of a brass monkey, and the philosophy of the Midway—"Never give a sucker an even break"—is grounded in her. She loves to juggle the mob. She glories in her power over it, she has at heart a deep contempt for it, and she can gauge its passions and imbecilities as few politicians can. She would have carried off this resurrection, too, had not some timid councilor, or perhaps an unexpected stab of caution, persuaded her to forsake the project as too ambitious, and so she returned by land, via the kidnapping route. The aphasia route was discarded as offering too little challenge to her sporting instincts. The enterprise, therefore, was not so startling as it might have been, but it was sensational enough. Did I hint that Sister lost confidence at one stage of her exploit? If so, she had regained it two-fold upon her arrival in Douglas. No woman ever told a more preposterous story in a balder manner or oftener. She undoubtedly believes it herself now.

V

If all the nonsensical articles and claptrap editorials written about Mrs. McPherson were placed end to end, they would reach from the pinnacle of idiocy into half the magazine offices in New York. There is nothing sinister about her. Voluptuous, yes, but not sinister. Sister is human. She has a hearty laugh. She has It, and plenty of it. She is a frank and simple fraud, somewhat like Texas Guinan, but more comical, and not quite so cheap. Aimee has neither the vinegar of a female wowser, nor the more peculiar acids of a political hell-cat. She is neither a radical baiter, a scandal monger nor a social climber. Her disciples are not holy snoopers. They are not vice crusaders. Her flock spends its time getting Saved and rejoicing in the Lord; it is guilty of the great American heresy of minding its own business. Mrs. McPherson is not a political parson. She was one of the few evangelical leaders who did not join in the national crusade against Al Smith. The pull there was tremendous. Los Angeles, bear in mind, is Mrs. Willebrandt's home town. Mr. Hoover was not only the favorite California prodigal son; he was also a native-son brother to every Iowa farmer in Long Beach. In Southern California they were howling for Al's gizzard. Sister herself was under attack. Here was the Heaven-sent opportunity to divert the indignation against herself into the greater wave of hatred and fear of Smith, and to ride back to a popularity she had never yet attained on the crest of religious bigotry. There are not many Christians, I judge,

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

and probably no other ambassador of God in the United States, who could have resisted that impulse. I do not say that a sentimental regard for common decency inspired Sister; nor do I say that it did not. It may have been merely constitutional inability.

VI

Mrs. McPherson meets a definite spiritual need in Southern California, just as Dr. John Roach Straton formerly met it in New York, Dr. J. Frank Norris does in Texas and Bishop Cannon does in all of his dioceses. She suffers considerably from being a transparent mountebank instead of an opaque one. Like others, she is a Fundamentalist; but she stresses Glory instead of Hell. She is aware of the possibilities of that place, but she does not exploit it. Hear her: "Who cares about old Hell, friends? Why, we all know what Hell is. We've heard about it all our lives. A terrible place, where nobody wants to go. I think the less we hear about Hell the better, don't you? Let's forget about Hell. Lift up your hearts. What *we* are interested in, yes, Lord, is *Heaven*, and how to get *there!*"

Does she tell them how to get there? Well, not exactly. She simply assures them, positively, beyond a shadow of a doubt, that they are going there. All old friends will be re-united. Everybody will be a young angel. She calls upon her congregation for confirmation, and they voice it lustily. The shouts of "Glory to God!"—"Hallelujah!"—"Amen!" are spiritual equivalents of "Atta Baby!"—"You Tell 'Em!"—"And How!" Aimee's Jesus is not the wraith of the modernist theologians. He is not the Super-Salesman of Jerusalem. He bears no resemblance to the Anti-Saloon League's celestial Cop. Sister has a greater personal following, perhaps, than any preacher in America. She gives them exactly the type of theology they desire. Are they any more or less intelligent than the followers of Bishop Manning or the suave Dr. Fosdick? Do they follow a doctrine sounder or less rational, fundamentally, than that put out by Dr. Cadman or the Pope? It is simply a question of Grade A, Grade B and Grade C, with the customers doing the grading.

When Sister closes a sermon—she frequently preaches three hours at a stretch—her congregation is exalted and exhausted. She sends them back to their gardens and salmon-hued bungalows laughing and happy, the doubts, fears and cares of this depressing world forgotten. When she paints the picture of That Beautiful Land on High, the chests of young morons heave; it is a wonderful light that comes into the eyes of old men with the palsy and old ladies with ear trumpets in the front row. Their faces are illumined, their eyes are stars. Unquestionably, Mrs. McPherson is sincere. She believes what she preaches when she preaches it, just as a politician of the better kind believes his campaign promises when he makes them, a lawyer believes his argument when he delivers it, an author believes his fiction when he composes it. Sincerity, like virtue, is an art. Is Mrs. McPherson a hypocrite? If she is not, living in the United States, she belongs in a museum. She is an opportunist, but not so great a one as Senator Borah. Is she a quack? Nonsense! she is a preacher.

Her recent appearance before the California Legislature was the final battle—the result of two years of consistent planning and scheming by her enemies to get her before that tribunal. It was the last chance in California to ruin "that red-headed sorceress." In New England, they only hanged witches, but we have progressed since then. Defeating the bloodhounds at Sacramento, with the aid of several San Francisco legislators who refused to join in the assault, Aimee has now beaten every interested agency, official and lay, in the State of California. That last battle was the end of a six-year war; the victory for her marked her complete triumph. She is now free to serve the Lord until the Marines are called out.

MORROW MAYO.

Washington Notes

THERE are so many cross-currents in Washington these days, that at times it is difficult to keep a sense of direction. Also, there is a lack of stability about these alliances and antagonisms in and out of Congress that is more or less baffling to the normal mind. To cite one instance, there is the case of Mr. Alexander Legge, head of the new Farm Board. When Mr. Legge was first appointed, he was looked upon with considerable suspicion by the "friends of the farmer" in both House and Senate. He was haled before the Senate Agriculture Committee and heckled. The fact that he had been president of the International Harvester Company and was worth several million dollars was dwelt upon as a more or less sinister circumstance, and the Progressive Republican Senators assumed anything but a friendly attitude toward him, reluctantly acquiesced in his confirmation, and were filled with foreboding that it would turn out that all Mr. Legge wanted was to raise the price of plows, or something like that. At this writing, however, there has been an almost complete switch, and the congressional critics of Mr. Legge from the agricultural belt have become his ardent supporters in the controversy which has arisen between the Farm Board and the grain commission men, over the action of the Board in establishing a governmental wheat marketing policy calculated not only to stabilize the price but to eliminate the middleman. This suggestion aroused the commission men, and, headed by Mr. Julius Barnes, close friend of the efficient Herbert and man of large affairs, they have locked horns with Mr. Legge and the Board.

In this controversy, the "friends of the farmer" on Capitol Hill appear to have completely shed their antagonism to Mr. Legge, and seem disposed to look upon him as a hot champion of the downtrodden and oppressed. What will be the outcome of the clash between these two friends of

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

the President—Mr. Legge and Mr. Barnes—is not quite clear at this moment. However, I think two things are reasonably certain—one that Mr. Hoover will not, as has been suggested, take sides one way or the other—which amounts, of course, to support of Mr. Legge and the Farm Board. There is certainly no other possible thing for Mr. Hoover to do. The published stories that Mr. Barnes's intimacy was such as to insure enough White House pressure on Mr. Legge to cause a change in his course, were absurd on their face. Immediately following the application of such pressure, Mr. Hoover would have on his hands the large, flat and final resignation of the head of his Farm Board, who, less than any other man I know on the public pay-roll, would be pained by getting off it. Knowledge of this fact, plus appreciation of the position it would put him in to have the head of his Farm Board quit mad, after Herbert had declared him to be "the best man in the country for the job," should be enough to deter Mr. Hoover from interfering on the side of Mr. Barnes, if there were no other reason. Under such circumstances, he would have considerable trouble getting a self-respecting man of any size at all to succeed him. But, in addition, I am credibly informed, Mr. Hoover really agrees in this matter with Mr. Legge, and the policy of the Board is the policy talked out between them either before or immediately after the latter's appointment. There is not any difference of opinion between them on this score. They see, I am told, eye to eye on this subject, just as they interestingly entertain the same doubt as to the fundamental economic soundness of the whole Farm Board financial structure. In the judgment of both, what is being done is an experiment, and the best that can be done is to hope it will work out well. Notwithstanding these doubts, the Farm Board, with the Hoover backing, is going ahead as hard and as far as it can along price stabilization and cooperative marketing lines—and the bucking of the esteemed Mr. Barnes will not slow up the machinery.

Leaving these weighty economic problems and barging into the purely political field, I regret to report that the Hon. Claudius Huston, the newly-chosen chairman of the reorganized Republican National Committee, is hitting one or two snags as he rambles along. He is not making the sort of progress he expected to make, and is, I hear, considerably discouraged. Of course, he has a difficult job. With a party split into three distinct Senate factions, it is manifestly impossible for him to launch forth in a publicity campaign to counteract the Democratic blasts of the flamboyant and calculatingly garrulous Shouse, who is pinch-hitting for the gallant Raskob. Obviously, if Mr. Huston rushed around making speeches and giving out statements extolling the greatness of Mr. Hoover and answering the attacks of the Democrats, he would make his situation worse, not better. He would inevitably and promptly be hammered by the militant Progressive Republicans on the one side and the aggrieved Old Guard boys on the other. Under the circumstances, there seems nothing for him to do except pursue a mole-like policy and a subterranean course. This he has been and still is doing, and the net result is nothing at all.

National chairmen get nowhere without publicity. The idea that they can effect compromises between factions and "strengthen the party fences" by a series of "quiet conferences" is just so much bunk. The national chairman has exactly two real functions—first, to raise money; second, to put up a front for the party through the newspapers. So far as the first is concerned, I suppose Chairman Huston is getting along reasonably well, though that suit against him for a "loan" of $88,000, filed in Washington last week by one Guy Standifer, of Oregon, has had a rather stunning effect upon certain members of the medicine-ball circle who had been most enthusiastic in describing the financial genius, substance, standing and station of Mr. Huston. Exactly what the suit is about, seems more or less shrouded in mystery, and nothing has appeared in the Washington papers since the first announcement. I am told nothing will. Mr. Standifer, so his friends tell me, is a "fine chap," a "good sport," a "corking golf player" and all that—a man who is never afraid to back his game of golf or anything else to the limit. Those who know him well say that he had neither business nor political relations of any kind with Mr. Huston, and that the "loan" was entirely a personal one. The whole thing is mysterious.

Probably there is a perfectly simple explanation for the suit, but if Mr. Huston has given one, it has certainly not appeared in the press, nor do any of his friends here appear to know it. When members of the Secretariat are queried on the subject, they simply look troubled and turn away. In the meantime, poor Mr. Huston is getting criticized for his failure to provide proper party publicity —which, as has been pointed out, he cannot possibly do without causing more trouble—and he is being blamed for practically everything political that comes along. He has to be the buffer alike for the disappointed office-seekers and the disgruntled politicians. In addition, he is compelled to be the goat for a lot of stories, allegations and rumors well calculated to annoy him and impossible to do anything about. If he had an efficient publicity department, such as Mr. Shouse carefully and at large expense equipped himself with before he took hold, Mr. Huston might better handle some of this stuff, not a little of which is entirely without substance or foundation. A sample is the story printed in various papers to the effect that Huston is the prime mover in a deep administration plot to induce Mr. Coolidge to come to the Senate from Massachusetts, the idea being that, if elected, he would be sidetracked for the 1932 presidential nomination.

On the surface there is, of course, a certain spurious plausibility in a story like that. It can be written in a way to make good copy, and it is the sort of thing that is avidly lapped up by unthinking people. To any thoughtful politician, however, the absurdities are so manifest and the purpose so clear as to stamp it unmistakably as put out by an anti-administration source with the idea of making a little extra trouble for the chairman. The authors of the story were careful to put in it no concrete statement that would afford any chance for repudiation or denial. The result is the complete inability of Mr. Huston to do a thing. He has got to sit and suffer. Furthermore, this story—in which traces of the fine Italian hand of the Shouse bureau can be clearly seen—is neither the first nor the last that will appear to annoy Mr. Huston, who, through an al-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

most unprecedented lack of publicity facilities, is in a more or less defenseless fix. If it were not that he is disposed to take himself and his new post just a bit too seriously, and if he had not put out that rot about "business efficiency in politics," and if he and his friends were a little bit more satisfactory, adequate and frank about that $88,000 suit—I should feel a trifle sorry for Mr. Huston. As it is, however, they can frame up as much stuff as they like on him without protest from me. So long as he is left without real publicity protection, the Democratic framers in the National Press Building can have a lot of fun with Mr. Huston. And it is not revealing any secret to say that such is their intention. T. R. B.

Washington.

A New Monument

ON December 6, Maurice Sterne's monument to the pioneer settlers, the gift of one of the citizens of Worcester, was unveiled. It stands in the city park, on a site chosen by the sculptor, a more or less triangular level of ground, at the foot of a slope and surrounded by trees. This setting is a part of the artist's inspiration. The monument has a flat of ground on which to rest and to state its structure and design. It can be seen from various elevations, below, above and around. Its mass, with its two surmounting figures, is seen not as the axis of present-day thoroughfares or the pivot of the surrounding traffic's wheels and eyes, but among trees, its forms against their forms, its constancy against their changing seasons, its pioneer subject against the vista and force of woods.

The monument consists, first, of a sort of base or pediment of Trani stone, a rectangle with a frieze on each of the four sides. The sculptures of the friezes are in high relief, more than half in the round sometimes, against backgrounds of the broken surface of hewn, unpolished stone. These reliefs are so set back into the stone that they do not protrude beyond the single plane of their framing stone; the panels are, therefore, in a sense flat, a flatness broken by these awakening forms within it, and filled with the life of their shadows and textures. These reliefs alternate narrower panels of single figures with groups in which there are three or four. On each of the longer sides of the rectangle there are three groups and two single figures. On each of the shorter sides there is a central group with a figure panel on either hand.

Surmounting this rectangular base is a stone triangle, on which in turn is a triangle of bronze, and on this stand two bronze figures, a man and a woman, with a plough between them. The height of the whole monument is just under thirty feet.

Tennyson, who, amid the respectable securities of sentiment and technique in the nineteenth century, found poetical description a pleasant exercise, noted how difficult it is to describe sculpture. Nothing could be truer. It is a state of things that derives, first of all, I fancy, from the fact that while we have many words for color and many ways of conveying its quality, we have, beyond the names of regular shapes like circles, squares, curves, straightness, no words for forms; and, secondly, from the fact that the very presence, in itself, of a statue is so insistent that unless it comes alive and sharp in its description, the description fades into a mere pictorial vagueness or merely into story telling.

Sculpture, too, I have often felt, is an art that is likely either to be the flattest of all, or else as beautiful and intense as art can be. The statue's insistence, again, is one reason for this, and another is sculpture's tendency to rely on actual shapes for its forms, to copy the shapes of things, sometimes to the point of mere reproduction. It is hard to achieve a freedom from this actuality, a translation of the actual into sculptural terms, and to arrive at something that has the power of its own central gravity, and that exhibits the very life of the material employed, conveying this life so strongly that a wider life appears thereby, and what is now living stone is also living idea—the form, the thought, the stone, share all one vitality. The difference between bad sculpture, and sculpture at its best seems almost the difference between two arts. And, taken at its best, I have wondered if the last power of sculpture—as against other arts—is not its presentation of that flux and rest in all things and in us, of which we are innately conscious. We feel the moment immortal, we feel it fleeting; what we look on may remain in our memory, in itself it will change and pass; it may remain in itself, and in our memory it will change and shift, be forgotten or become its own dream. Fine sculpture presents for us this passing and fixation; the waves of its surface move above the pure depth forever there; its limbs are draped upon the solid trunk of its body; its fluid members move on the essential permanence of the solid form. I have wondered, too, if some of this power—so miserably absent from bad, so strong in great sculpture—that I feel, has not about it a certain elegy beyond the reaches of any other art; I mean the way in which it can give us the sense of life caught and stayed by the hand of death and quietness, the nostalgia of what has grown still. Or it may be birth, too, that is thus conveyed, the awakening of forms out of still mass, the surprise and passionate foreknowledge of life being born.

Mr. Maurice Sterne is the greatest draughtsman among all our artists, and this greatness of drawing pervades and distinguishes these figures of his sculpture. The complete idea of his pioneer monument is admirable: those two strong figures, between them that implement of the hard labor that separates them and binds them together, and makes man the master and child of the earth. They are the dream, the will, the muscle, the waiting, which have brought about the history of this world that has followed them; and beneath them is that mound of stone, which is like that world, peopled with the life and actions that they embodied, and that we see stirring there: the voyagers, tillers of the soil, hewers of wood, sowers, reapers, fishermen, boat builders that they were, with the sea, the land, the harvest, the thanksgiving, the child, the sickle, the pitcher of water, the net, the fire.

The main figures and the partitions of the relief are, as one might expect, unequal in excellence. Of the two, the man is more impressive than the woman; the central panel, the arrival on the sea, has not come so completely to rest in its design as have the other groups. Sometimes a head is a little forced in its position, and the upper part of one or two of the single figures is a trifle tight. But these limitations are less apparent in themselves than in the

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

light of that firm, distinct sculpture everywhere achieved; that grave and tender discernment of life; that curiously solid and yet delicate statement; that profound, free intelligence; that humility and goodness by which the ideas are said so that all may understand them, or, at least, the main point of them, which is as it should be in a monument, and finally that great piety and purity of emotion throughout the whole work.

Of the panels, the one likely to be most popular is the thanksgiving, the figures of the woman and man standing with bowed heads beside a table on which bread is. It is one of those things in art that run the danger of platitude, but, by this very humanity and plainness with which they apply to life, attain—if the treatment is direct, intense and deep enough—to a beauty all the greater. The two end groups on the front panel of the base, one with the man asleep and the woman watching over him, the other with the sleeping child, the woman with the wheat, which shall be the bread of life, and the man giving her water to drink, have their full poetry and myth. To me the most moving of the reliefs is that of the fisherman: the bent head and simple contemplation, the rich ornate line of the boat's side, the net, the pouring forward of the whole composition, make it for me the most moving sculpture I have seen in a long time. As composition and superb thought in terms of design, the greatest of the groups is that where the man is working the timbers for a boat, and the woman sits with her child on her knees, his little boat in his hand, the fire springing up at their feet. It is genuinely and challengingly modern, and at the same time wholly within the most austere and magnificent tradition.

STARK YOUNG.

Mozart in His "Don Juan"

BEETHOVEN proved himself a Puritan when he censured Mozart for having written "Don Giovanni." At that, he understood his intention somewhat better than the management of the Metropolitan Opera appears to have done, from the evidence of their recent revival of the work. To gird at the ribaldry of the beloved little score is to show a comprehension limited by a pathetic severity; but to see melodrama in the sparkling thing, to present it as a glorification of virtue and a rebuke to vice, and deck it out with sinister seductions and at least one Baron Scarpia romantically beplumed, is to come a cropper indeed. It was this failure of the spirit of "Don Giovanni" that made the recent revival so disappointing an event. The spirit, we know, is able to move the heavens though the throat be weak, even in as exacting a song as Mozart's. To have heard Lilli Lehman in the Salzburg festivals long after her "voice" was gone, is to be immovably persuaded of it, to recognize how miraculously style and feeling can compensate for the deficiencies of the physical organ. But with the spirit of the golden music absent, not even a cast equal to all Mozart's technical demands, which the Metropolitan's scarcely was, can do it justice; hence it will readily be imagined how much of the essential Mozart was present the other evening. For in which of his many masterpieces is the whole of the extraordinary little man roundly evident and palpable, if not in his wicked little "Don Giovanni"?

Granted an ingenuousness, it is difficult to see how the Opera could so broadly have missed Mozart's intention and have failed as utterly to perceive his roguish grin. A cloud of comments exists, to help a director out of the delusion that in "Don Giovanni" he has before him something as partial and one-sided as melodrama. The excellent musical writer George Bernard Shaw, for example, has enlarged not only on the solidity, but on the strange ambiguity of the form, and justified his own partly humorous, partly serious, always slightly equivocal dramas by it. Besides, we possess Mozart's own comment on the work, in an overture. Schematically, this introduction adheres to the "French" form illustrated by Händel and Rameau. But it does so with something besides a formal intention. The contrast of the grave and spirited sections is not only no Piccinistic *jeu de sonorités*. It is decidedly significant, dramatic, indicative of what is to follow.

We are assured of this by the fact that the slow introduction, terrible with its scales like winds of *outre-tombe*, is actually an anticipation of the catastrophic scene, where it recurs with doubled effect. Mozart was very careful to make it such. And while the lively section does not figure in the opera proper, its mood of gravity lost in jubilation, its amorous atmosphere of impertinent, whispering, teasing, romantically breathed, passionately dulcet tones, is not to be mistaken. To be sure, Mozart was a naïve composer and followed no program when he wrote his overture. He was evidently letting his melody think for him. None the less, in all its materiality, the piece is incontrovertibly testimonial of the fact that he was introducing us, not to a condemnation of the wandering eye and a defense of moral institutions, but to a play of the two, seen from a bifocal point of view equally serious and ribald. Indeed, whose heart has not, in listening to this prelude, jumped at the prospect of a sympathetic portrait of the devil, an enjoyment of certain of the more delicious of his ways, and a portrait of virtue bordering on the ridiculous, can scarcely be said to have heard it.

And the subsequent action, in all the suavity and glamor of its music, easy as breath, is unmistakably racy. Mozart was more puckish and impudent in this score than in any other, and the music with which he clothed his thoroughly unregenerate hero makes him the most amiable of all his tribe. The Don Juan of Mozart is not only no villain of a melodrama, with its conventional right and wrong. He is no enemy of women, like his Spanish ancestor; and no cold creation, half ruthless grand seigneur, half philosophical libertine, like his uncle in Molière. Nor is he a mere romantic adventurer, like his cousin, Byron's Don Juan; or a feverish neurotic, such as the protagonists of Lenau and of Richard Strauss. On the other hand, he is not quite what Shaw would make of him, the enemy of the gods, Prometheus. That dignity makes him too cosmic, too demigod-like, obliterating his outline, and the fun of it. The Don Juan of Mozart is suffused with the human warmth of a familiar masculine image and ideal. He is the matchless dancer on the stew of sex; continually stirred by the tender passion, adoring all the ladies, but caught by none; getting the better not so much of women as of love itself. Them it conquers; but if he loves, he is always

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

somewhere outside its iron circle; and Mozart's enjoyment of him is wholehearted.

Only listen to the laughter of the flutes while Leporello tells Elvira of the *mille e tre* victims of his master's arts "in Spain alone"; or the wicked tinkle of the guitar after each strophe of the brilliant and languorous serenade; or the prestissimo and glorious spirits of the champagne aria, which Busoni thought quite as "profound" as the Ninth Symphony! Or to *"Là ci darem la mano"*—anything but the conceptions of one who found the arts of the happiest of all seducers devilish. You are very dull, indeed, if you do not hear the smothered chuckles; or if you see tragedy in the death of a mere papa in the opening scene, or share too completely in Donna Anna's indignation over the theft of her honor, or in Elvira's wrong. They are part of the fun, and Mozart spares himself no pains to tell you so. A quality of ridiculousness clings to all his hero's opponents; Ottavio is priggish, Anna virtuous, but disagreeable. Elvira is merely jealous and only too ready to return to Don Juan's arms as soon as they open to her. Zerlina is the moth not to be kept from the flame. And where Leporello and Masetto are cowardly, Don Juan's courage flashes like red.

Responsibility for this raciness cannot be placed on da Ponte, in the supposition that Mozart uncritically satisfied the demands of the libretto, writing light music for the comedy where he found it, and solemn for the serious sections. True, the ribaldry was implicit in the book; but Mozart was not a man without a mind of his own, an irresponsible music-maker. He was, for his time, an extremely, almost truculently, independent person; an inventive, resourceful, experimental musician. Even the Italianate forms he used were natural to him and not conventional: how natural, anyone who has sought out his birthplace on that high, narrow Roman or Veronese alley of stucco and stone, halfway between the Bavarian Alps and the Dead Mountains, must know. And he was doubtless as little indebted to da Ponte for the merry conception of Don Juan as to the Stone Guest scores of his predecessors for the ideas of his "Don Giovanni," giving us expression, not rearrangement. This decision ought to prove a shock to none but those who credit Mozart with the creation of mere Dresden shepherds and shepherdesses in tone, relatives of those whom the simplicity of his melody blinds to its daringness. For Mozart's music is suffused with the spirit of sex in its sunniest, warmest, gentlest aspect. It is this elixir that rests, bewitching as a lilac-scented night in May, over such typical pages as the last act of "Le Nozze di Figaro," and the andantes of the "Jupiter" Symphony and the D Minor piano concerto. The struggle of the nineteenth century, which lost some of the intensity Mozart knew, may temporarily have deafened us to it by prejudicing us in favor of vehemence, making us hold the compositions of Chopin and Wagner the more ardent. These, no doubt, are more voluptuous than Mozart's. But is it possible today, in listening to the languors of Chopin, to fancy that what he had in his mind when he composed was other than certain sensual contours and textures? And is it not reasonable to ascribe the transports of "Tristan" very largely to the desire for primitive unity of being?

The tender passion, however, is in Mozart; for all the little jokes. If any composer moved close to the sex in music, feeling and hearing its various states in tone, it was himself. Many incomparable arias confess it, from the Countess's in "Le Nozze de Figaro" to Zerlina's in "Don Giovanni"; and let it not be deemed that any mere dramatic instinct produced *"Dies Bildnis ist bezaubernd schön"* or Ottavio's devoted tones. Again and again the instrumental pieces betray Cherubino's agitation. It is even probable that the feeling of perfection, which was Mozart's ultimate form of intuition, had its roots in this deep sensibility toward women. Here, then, we come upon the cradle of the impulse that produced his brilliant Don Juan, since it is scarcely thinkable that so great a capacity for this emotion could have existed in him unaccompanied by wildness, strongly aggressive components, characteristic masculine restiveness and revolt.

Still the spirit of the daredevil is only half of Mozart's "Don Giovanni." The overture is genuinely preparatory; and toward the end of the opera, at the height of the revelry, the awful spirit in which it began, returns. To a solemn music of almost Wagnerian might and majesty, the Stone Guest carries off the unrepentent merrymaker. Apparently, this consequent spirit corresponds to the moral one inculcated by the church as a curb on masculine irresponsibility. Examination, however, shows the correspondence slight. The seriousness and gravity in "Don Giovanni" do not prevent the revelry. They merely follow it.

Al cenar teco
M'invitasti

While standing in opposition to it, they also relieve the tension created by the levity. And to us the solemn feelings seem merely the ancestral voices, motives of survival, of racial survival, of man's "immortality," destined to recur in Mozart's next opera, "The Magic Flute," as the urge to restraint and sublimation. Their embodiment, significantly, in "Don Giovanni," represents the angry father, the dead and the messenger of God. Whether Mozart recognized them for what they were, we do not know. It is possible he merely felt strangely moved by a scene. He must, however, have known something about a coldness and a solitude, a separation and irrelation, like death. Without that sense, he could scarcely have written music so surcharged with them. In any case, he set these solemn feelings against the dance of Don Juan, as a terminal and limit; and the spirit of "Don Giovanni" is in that juxtaposition and balance.

For he was your true moralist. To deny ribaldry in favor of gravity, as some of our pundits and "humanists" would do, is actually to deny them both, and the source from which they spring. Both rise from some warmth and bounty of nature, and are found weak when found apart. Apparently in opposition, they are actually brothers and allies, playing into each other's hands, dividing to conquer. Life is most desirable when it is most gay; and conservative organisms are also the lustiest. Hence to deny neither of these brothers and give them both their right to represent them impartially and let man feel them in all intensity as Mozart has done in his divine and scandalous opera, is most warmly, sunnily, to perform a moral act: strengthening man's nature and affirming his life.

PAUL ROSENFELD.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

A COMMUNICATION

President Lewis and the Coal Miners

SIR: At a time when the A. F. of L. is preparing to meet the hostile attitude of the owners of the textile industry of the South, when it needs the strength and undivided support of all its constituent parts, John L. Lewis, President of the United Mine Workers, weakens the already feeble miners' organization by waging war on Illinois, the last great union district in the bituminous field. Upon one pretext or another, Mr. Lewis attempts to thrust aside the district officers and set up a provisional government in Illinois with his appointees as officers. The district officers moved to offset Lewis's action by obtaining a temporary injunction restraining him from setting aside the regularly elected officers or interfering with the affairs of the Illinois Miners' Union. There the matter stands until it is finally decided by the courts.

To those who have been watching Lewis during the past few years, this action is not at all surprising. It is in keeping with all the other destructive moves he has made since he became president. He assumed that office in 1919. Between then and now lies the tragedy of broken faith, lost hopes, bitter defeats and the almost total destruction of a once powerful union.

Yet Lewis complacently exonerates himself from all blame and sees the miners' plight solely as the result of economic circumstances. That the economic conditions of the industry are bad, is all too well known. But this condition is not recent. The sickness of coal was commented upon by no less a person than Herbert Hoover before the Engineering Institute of 1919. That it spelled trouble for the miners' union was plain in 1921, when the union began to recede from the Southern fields. But Lewis was not perturbed by the evidence of trouble for his constituents. The 1922 strike and the holding of the wage rate which was really only a respite for the union, was accepted by Lewis and his adherents as proof of the superior qualities of his policies and leadership. They twitted other unions which had succumbed to the demands of the employers for lower wages, as not having the kind of leader that had made the miners' union successful in resisting reductions. Smug satisfaction with itself marked the Lewis leadership. It refused to see, with the contraction of the market, the all-importance of organizing the non-union Southern fields. It acted upon the assumption that these fields could be organized another day. It took no advantage of its opportunities. When it had a hundred thousand new members added to the union in the strike of 1922 and a favorable bargaining position, it cast them aside when, with a little intelligence and firmness, it could have obtained agreements.

This disregard for the interests of the newly organized men of Pennsylvania and elsewhere injured the prestige of the union in all the non-union fields. The Lewis leadership was condemned by them as making pawns of the men in the non-union fields. There was no confidence in him or the union.

To meet the situation of over-development in the mining industry, the Lewis leadership neither organized the non-union miners nor developed a legislative program. It sat upon all attempts made by others within the union to try to do something with the question. It poured ridicule upon the United States Coal Commission, while at the same time it did nothing itself to improve upon its work. Its economics were those of the coal operators, and its attitude toward legislation was that of *laissez-faire*. It refused to act, and prevented others from acting, when it had a considerable membership and a fair degree of power. Even the Jacksonville agreement was accepted as a settlement making for three years of peace, rather than as a last opportunity to take up the belated task of organizing the Southern fields and the territory that had slipped away from it in other years.

It refused to be alarmed; it continued its course in complacency while disintegration went on apace. The three years of the Jacksonville scale were three years of war in the so-called union fields. Prolonged shut-downs, contract repudiations, local and lost strikes and a rapidly shrinking membership took their toll of the union. Two hundred thousand members were lost in the bituminous areas in those three years. District after district was surrendered to the open-shop movement. The Geological Survey showed that in 1926 only 35 percent of the bituminous coal was produced in union mines as compared with a former union control of 65 percent.

The Lewis leadership had no policy to meet this problem adequately. At the Indianapolis convention of 1927, it refused to admit that the situation was bad. It concealed and denied loss of membership. From a packed convention, it obtained a blanket endorsement of the policies that had contributed to weakness and losses. It demanded blind loyalty to the Lewis machine. Criticism of the machine was construed as evidence of disloyalty to the union. It suppressed free discussion at a time when there was the greatest need for it.

At Miami, in 1927, the coal operators declared for war rather than renew the Jacksonville agreement. Lewis did not attempt to meet this situation realistically. He either would not or could not organize the non-union fields; neither would he conciliate the coal operators who had carried out the terms of the Jacksonville agreement. He united the operators of the country against him. He forced many of them to fight.

Then, instead of consolidating his own forces and giving evidence of his determination to fight on as large a front as possible, and thereby win a response to a strike call in the non-union fields, he did the opposite. Early in the strike he expressed a willingness to settle individually and locally, and a sufficient number of operators worked on temporary arrangements to disrupt any united action on the part of the miners. Companies were permitted to work under union agreement in one field, while in another field they were fighting their striking miners. The strike was sectional and ineffective from the start, and it was doomed to defeat. Yet it was continued for over a year, and additional districts were added to the non-union column. The strike in most quarters was carried to the point of moral and material exhaustion. In such districts as Ohio, Western and Central Pennsylvania, it ended in a debacle for the union.

In the few districts where it was able to obtain

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

agreements, they turned out to be under conditions and terms much less favorable than formerly. They not only carried large wage reductions—in some cases as high as 33 percent—but they expired in different years. The central competitive field was broken up, as a solidly-organized field and as a bargaining unit. Where the union did obtain contracts, each district made its own terms and conditions; but most of the districts did not secure agreements and are now non-union.

To such a pass have come the United Mine Workers of America. Bad economic conditions, yes; but worse leadership. Judged by any standard, the Lewis machine has failed. Its boast was that it was practical—not troubled with ideas. It got results! High wage rates! Jobs for its members! And now, after a decade of Lewis, the U. M. W. of A. finds itself weaker in spirit, in power, and with poorer working conditions than at any time in the last thirty years.

And now, another crisis!

Illinois must stand steadfast. The Illinois miners must lead the progressives in their struggle to redeem the union and set its policy on a progressive course. They must keep uppermost in their minds the need to organize the unorganized. They must work steadily to rescue the industry from the chaos into which it has fallen and secure for the workers an effective voice in its management. It will be a long, tedious struggle, but the goal justifies it.

JOHN BROPHY.

Indianapolis, Ind.

CORRESPONDENCE

Twenty-five Billions?

SIR: Your editorial of December 4, on the question of the loss of purchasing power to the American people resulting from the market crash, seems to me unduly optimistic. You suggest that the American people collected little purchasing power on the rise and lost little on the fall, and that their actual incomes are no smaller than before.

If the people who had been buying and selling stock in the last few years were investors who bought stock for a long pull, your analysis would be correct. My observation leads me to believe that more than half of the people who jumped into the stock market in the last two years at the high prices were speculators on margin, just as much as the man who buys wheat or any other merchandise for the purpose of making a quick turn. Security prices dropped, it has been estimated, about fifty billion dollars in six weeks' time, and my estimate is that half of those securities belonged to speculators, a large part of whom were wiped out. The rest will find at the end of the year that they have suffered an actual loss, just as the merchant who takes his inventory at the end of the year and finds his merchandise is of less value than the purchase price suffers a loss.

I estimate the loss of income to the American people as twenty-five billions. In other words, they will have only three-quarters as much income in 1929 as they would have had were it not for the break.

WILLIAM P. EVERTS.

Boston, Mass.

[The question at issue is: how much did speculators on a margin draw out from the stock market, and spend for goods and services while the prices of stocks were rising? It is admitted that they cannot make gains to be so spent at present. But if they had not been spending their gains before the crash, there would now be no diminution of demand for goods and services, and no resulting depression. Merely paper inflation and deflation of values of stocks held does not affect actual purchasing power. Our guess is that few speculators on a margin sold out on the way up without plunging into more speculation. It is probable that for everyone who did so, some new speculator withheld his purchasing power from the market for goods, in order to buy the stocks sold. No one knows, but it is difficult to imagine that any large fraction of the total rise in the value of stocks was realized in cash and spent, either for luxuries or for necessities.—THE EDITORS.]

Father Mathew and Prohibition

SIR: Father John A. Ryan, in answering a letter of mine in your columns and commenting on my reference to Father Mathew as a pioneer of prohibition, said (The New Republic, September 11):

> Mrs. Warren intimates that Father Mathew believed in prohibition. This is one of those statements which are "important if true." So far as I know, it is not supported by the evidence of history.

It required some time for me to locate the communication I had in mind, but in the "Life of Father Mathew" is published a letter from him to the Rev. George W. Pepper, as follows:

> Cork, Ireland, January 14, 1854.
>
> My Dear Young Friend: The question of prohibition of the sale of ardent spirits, and many other intoxicating drinks which are to be found in our country, is not new to me. The principle of prohibition seems to be the only safe and certain remedy for the evils of intemperance. This opinion has been strengthened by the hard labor of more than twenty years in the temperance cause. I rejoice in the welcome intelligence of the formation of a Maine Law Alliance, which I trust will be the means, under God, of destroying the fruitful source of so much crime. Allow me to thank you for your earnest and indefatigable labors in the present movement.

I would consider the above as ample historical evidence to support my statement in The New Republic.

ALICE WARREN.

Tuxedo, N. Y.

Mr. Lowie Protests

SIR: While I appreciate what I interpret to be the idealistic puritanism in Mr. Mellen's review of "Are We Civilized?" in The New Republic of October 2, I cannot accept his strictures as well-founded. Any popularizer may, of course, be *a priori* suspected of inaccuracy, but I took special pains to avoid this pitfall, not "broadly speaking," but narrowly speaking. A fellow anthropologist, after a careful reading, has discovered two slips—the patent, hence, relatively harmless, substitution of "640 B. C." for "640 A. D." on page 64, and the misspelling of "Atair" for "Altair" on page 263.

Needless to say, I shall be grateful to any one who shall point out errors of fact. As to matters of judgment, readers of a popular work must take much on faith. I can merely assure them here that my conception of the esthetic impulse in man is not affected by the speculations of pre-historians who, whether "leading anthropologists" or not, have neither seen a primitive man in the flesh nor shown any insight into human psychology. As for my view that women invented farming (*not* agriculture, *i. e.* plow-tillage, but planting with the aid of a digging-stick or hoe), I have encountered no competent writer that holds any other opinion. I was not voicing a personal crotchet, but the accepted theory of Ling Roth, Hahn, Schurtz, Laufer, Wilhelm Schmidt and Thurnwald.

ROBERT H. LOWIE.

University of California, Berkeley, Cal.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Franklin and the New Age

Franklin: The Apostle of Modern Times, by Bernard Faÿ. Boston: Little, Brown and Company. 547 pages. $3.

THE MODERN AGE, as we conceive it, began with the rise of the middle class and has been dominated by it. The eighteenth century was its formative period. From Defoe, Steele and Addison at its beginning, to Godwin and Bentham at its close, the century was marked by a steadily evolving culture and politic, expressive of the interests and ambitions of the bourgeoisie. Great Britain affords the most harmonious example of this evolution, but no citizen of the mother country is so perfectly representative of it as the colonial, Benjamin Franklin. Indeed, the fact of his birth in an outlying province of the Empire turned out, as did nearly everything else in Franklin's career, to be an advantage. Unhampered by his English heritage he was free to become a citizen of the world; while building a nation of his own he was forced to become an international figure. Hence, if we search the world over, we shall find no character so comprehensively of his time as Franklin.

Professor Faÿ's biography reminds us again of the number of eighteenth-century roles played by Franklin with supreme skill. His early life of mischief in Boston, his journey to Philadelphia, and thence to London, suggest the picaresque hero. But if Franklin dabbled in adventure, he early made up his mind to be the industrious apprentice. He adopted the utilitarian view of morality, and long before Bentham, he had worked out a sort of moral mathematics. Virtue, later apotheosized in the French Revolution, was the eighteenth-century ideal, as virtù had been that of the Renaissance, and Franklin analyzed it into thirteen qualities: Temperance, Silence, Order, Resolution, Frugality, Industry, Sincerity, Justice, Moderation, Cleanliness, Tranquility, Chastity and Humility. He made a notebook with the days of the week at the top of each page, and the qualities to practice at the side; and each week he attacked a new virtue, noting carefully his faults and failures. Thus Franklin made himself into a good bourgeois, an artisan and a tradesman, diligent and successful in business. He shared the characteristic religious faith of the time, belief in a benevolent God and the obligation of benevolence toward his fellow creatures. He conceived of philosophy in Bacon's terms, as knowledge to benefit mankind. It is not surprising to find Defoe's "Essay on Projects" among his early reading; and, like Defoe, he was endlessly at work turning knowledge into practical ideas. The list of his innovations, achieved or proposed, includes not only the lightning rod and the Franklin stove, but lamps, spectacles with bifocal lenses, the public library and daylight-saving time.

Not only in morals but in politics he was of the utilitarian school. He believed in the maxim: That government is best which governs least. Local control with unity by federation was his plan. He reluctantly accepted the Constitution because of the necessity of union among the states, though it made impossible the larger federation of which he dreamed, including Canada, the West Indies, and perhaps Ireland.

He saw that the whole vast system of government and law, grown incredibly more monstrous since his day, was the result of the aggrandizement of private property, and he wrote near the end of his life a few sentences that might have been penned by Godwin:

> Superfluous property is the creature of society. Simple and mild laws were sufficient to guard the Property that was merely necessary. The Savage's Bow, his Hatchet, and his Coat of Skins, were sufficiently secured, without law, by the Fear of personal Resentment and Retaliation. When, by virtue of the first Law, part of the Society accumulated Wealth and grew powerful they enacted others more severe, and would protect their Property at the Expense of Humanity.

Finally, as ambassador with respect not only to loans and alliances, but also to the things of the mind and the exchange of knowledge, he fulfilled a unique function in the progress of enlightenment. As Professor Faÿ notes, he came to France "with a double halo: he was a rational sage like M. de Voltaire, and a child of nature like M. Rousseau." In Quaker garb and coon-skin cap he seemed a fulfillment of Rousseau's idealization of the noble savage, as he and Voltaire embraced at the Academy of Science, to the plaudits of all Paris.

In particular, the quality of the eighteenth century appears in Franklin's writings. We do not need the famous passage in the "Autobiography" which tells how he formed his style on Addison's, to be sure of his literary lineage. The "Autobiography" itself is perfectly of its time in temper and style. A favorite mode of controversy savoring of Reynard the Fox, was the assumption of an opponent's position in order to damage or destroy his case. Swift used this ironical device with devastating effect. Defoe in his "Shortest Way with Dissenters" put such cruel proposals into the mouth of a pretended Episcopalian as to discredit the High Church party. Franklin, like Defoe in so many ways, had nearly to the same degree the power of writing in character. His first efforts were the letters of Susan Dogood, reflecting on the manners and morals of the community, written for his brother's paper in Boston while he was an apprentice. A more famous example is his plea for the pardon of Polly Baker, who confessed to have had five illegitimate children, to the judges of Massachusetts. During the War, he aroused Europe to the scandal of the British employment of mercenaries by a pretended "Letter from the Count de Schaumberg to the Baron Hohendorf, commanding the Hessian troops in America." In view of the fact that Great Britain paid three guineas for each Hessian killed, the passage quoted by Mr. Faÿ is as trenchant as Bernard Shaw:

> I am about to send to you some new recruits. Don't economize them. Remember glory before all things. Glory is true wealth. . . . A battle carried without costing the conqueror any blood is an inglorious success, while the conquered cover themselves with glory by perishing with arms in their hands. Do you remember that of the 300 Lacedemonians who defended the defile of Thermopylæ, not one returned? How happy should I be to say the same of my brave Hessians!

If Franklin was a man of the eighteenth-century world, he was essentially of the type afterwards to be recognized as national; he was a microcosm of the American character. By this fact is to be explained his success at home and his popularity in London and Paris. Through his newspapers, and especially through "Poor Richard's Almanac," he blazoned that character to the contemporary world, and fixed it for future generations by the "Autobiography." In his youthful leaning toward adventure we see Franklin exhibiting the mixture of rashness and shrewdness that gets

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

the Yankee into trouble and out of it. Throughout his life, his relations with women were a half-open scandal to Philadelphia, revived by the opportunities of his long residence abroad; but he was far from being a Casanova. He admired women for their beauty and comfort, but he was cautious. Probably he never enjoyed them so much as when he was too old to be seriously committed. Illegitimacy occurred with surprising frequency in his family, but he faced it down on his own account, and on that of his son and even his grandson. A quality which served him in good stead was his humor, which included a share of eighteenth-century wit. M. Faÿ does not tell us what he said when the illegitimate son of his illegitimate son presented him with the *fait accompli* of an illegitimate great-grandson, but we may be sure that it was something good. His exchange of passes with Madame Helvetius may be apocryphal. When she asked him to spend the day, he said he preferred the night. She replied, "Come this evening"; to which Franklin suggested that a winter night would be better. His reply to Gibbon is, however, authentic. When the historian refused to meet Franklin as a rebel, the latter replied that he wanted to put at his disposal some material on the decline and fall of the British Empire, which was soon to be expected. Some of his stories, especially the one of the hatter's sign with which he consoled Jefferson during the discussion of his draft of the Declaration of Independence, have become part of American history. Moreover, Franklin was fond of practical jokes, an expression of the sense of material fact which was strong in the eighteenth century. The accounts of his playfulness remind us of those which gathered about Swift, but Franklin had the advantage of a command of the elements. Swift could disperse a crowd by announcing that an eclipse had been postponed by order of the Dean; but Franklin could intrigue one by stilling the waves on a pond by oil concealed in a hollow cane.

In his attitude toward religion, Franklin exhibited the American compromise: he was in belief a deist; in practice a churchgoer; and he was greatly attracted by the violent exercise of revivalism under Whitefield, of whom he was the close friend—all very much like the business men who backed Moody and Billy Sunday. Another trait which we recognize as national was his gregariousness. He was a "joiner," and a founder. He had a group of devoted adherents in Philadelphia known as the Junto, on whom he called for support in special enterprises; and as a Mason he had an organization to aid him in London and Paris. The list of learned societies to which he belonged would fill a column. That these affiliations aided Franklin enormously in his diplomacy, Professor Faÿ gives abundant evidence. They certainly contributed to his success as the leading citizen of Philadelphia, to which community he became indispensable in many ways, especially through another national attribute. "Franklin," says his biographer, "had become such a technician in the art of extracting money from other people's pockets that nothing was done in the city without him." He was engaged at one time in raising money "to found a hospital, to establish a fire-insurance company, to help the Reverend Tennent erect a new church, and to send a boat to look for the Northwest Passage."

Professor Faÿ has made a thorough study of the Franklin documents available. He has worked up the background with scholarly zeal. With such material it would be difficult to produce an uninteresting book. Nevertheless, the present volume leaves something to be desired. The style is dilute and mediocre. Although the author asserts that all statements are documented, a good many of them have the air of author's comments, of generalization and speculative interpretation of Franklin's state of mind, which might well be spared. In discussing ambiguous episodes in Franklin's life, as his relation to politics and society in Philadelphia and his attitude toward the Stamp Act, Professor Faÿ is not as satisfactory as Franklin's earlier biographer, Mr. Russell. Nevertheless, he has given us a rich and rewarding survey of one of the most astonishing of American lives. And he has brought out Franklin's great significance to the world. "He had known how to discard absolute beauty, absolute truth, absolute good . . . he had only kept hold of the practical and had given it a human, attractive and picturesque form."

ROBERT MORSS LOVETT.

As You Like It

Do What You Will, by Aldous Huxley. New York: Doubleday, Doran and Company. 331 pages. $2.50.

MR. HUXLEY follows two traditions in this book, sometimes separately, sometimes in unhappy combination. The one is the tradition of light literary satire; the other is that tradition, of late best formulated by Wells, Belloc and Bennett, by which the wide-awake but erudite novelist indulges in a kind of sophisticated uplift. Naturally, the lighter essays in the book are the best. With no anxiety for mankind and his own soul to delude him, Mr. Huxley writes with charm, wit and a singular lack of pretense about his first, and last, experience with the talkies, the Riviera in the dead season, an Italian festival and Fashions in Love. He is at home with his subjects, he writes of what he knows, his paragraphs are lit with observation. People and their foibles appear, page by page, compressed in an image, pinched in a paradox, occasionally destroyed by epigram or wise-crack. By electing to describe only those parts of his subjects which he has actually seen and felt, Mr. Huxley presents a convincing satire or a vivid picture of the whole. Here he is the able novelist ably performing upon the traditional English essay.

But the able novelist defaces himself in the heavier sections of the book. The essays on Pascal, Baudelaire, Spinoza and the One and the Many, present a compound of ignorance of the subject, self-conscious distrust of philosophy and a very arrogant, if unconscious, practice of bad philosophy and bad writing. These solemn discursions on the nature of religion and the possibilities of life resemble nothing so much as the daily tea-time conversation of Mr. Huxley's American camp-followers. What were the virtues of his style in the satirical or imaginative light essay, here degenerate into banality and cheap smartness. He indulges in Jew-baiting and a kind of blasphemous atheism which is sometimes called sophomoric. Pascal and Baudelaire are attacked and St. Francis mocked because of the accidents of their Christianity, their monotheism. No attempt is made by Mr. Huxley to understand the language, even, of these men, much less their meaning in relation to Mr. Huxley's own problem of diversity and unity. Spinoza, not being a Christian, or a very good Jew, is simply ignored: the essay bearing his name distorts a single phrase on its first page and hardly refers to him again in thirty more.

Mr. Huxley would, no doubt, defend himself on the ground that, as there are no facts save psychological facts, and as all psychological facts are indifferently true, then his remarks are quite justified, being based on his own

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

psychological facts. A more accurate description of Mr. Huxley's mental processes might be that he has adopted the malicious criticism of knowledge, and the notion of solipsism that sometimes comes from it, in such a way that he can no longer conceive any exterior spiritual or mental discipline as valid. He pretends to be a Greek and a pantheist, but he is really an Englishman and a Protestant, with a supplementary faith in the Public School and good breeding.

Conceive a serious essay on Spinoza with this sentence (the reviewer's italics): "Harmonious living is a matter of tact and sensitiveness, of judgment and balance and incessant adjustment, *of being well bred and aristocratically moral by habit and instinct.*" Or this, in an essay on Pascal: "If one is well born and well bred one does not behave like a pig; one behaves like a human being." This you may take as you like it. By Mr. Huxley's own principles of balanced excesses and diversified personalities, you will, if you are well born, take it one way, if well bred, another.

R. P. BLACKMUR.

The Norwegian Rousseau

Chapter the Last, by Knut Hamsun, translated from the Norwegian by Arthur G. Chater. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. $3.00.

IT is probably inevitable that this book—the fifteenth by Hamsun to be published here in nine years—should invite comparison with "The Magic Mountain" of Thomas Mann; certainly its translation leads to a clearer understanding and appreciation of the greatness and limitations of both men. Like the German book, "Chapter the Last" is a careful study of a segregated community of men and women who are suffering from one handicap or another, from this physical or that mental disease, and their futile efforts towards self-adjustment and harmony with society at large. In both cases they are defeated; but whereas Mann used his sanitarium as the starting point of a vast and detailed indictment of European society before the War, his Norwegian contemporary has, perhaps wisely, restricted himself to a much more limited canvas. He is concerned chiefly with the reactions of his little people as individuals, rather than as symbols or ideas. If the basic theme happens in both cases to be more or less identical—that civilization, in its effect upon the human spirit, leads to corruption and eventually to death—the treatment is as dissimilar as Oslo is from Berlin.

It is the same theme essentially, but under a more sophisticated and complex guise, that Hamsun developed in "Growth of the Soil." Hamsun is a kind of northern Rousseau who, substituting irony and dry compassion for sentimentality, and pessimism for meliorism, firmly believes in the doctrine of original good. Man in his primitive, naked state is God's handiwork; the gifts that civilization brings him are mainly suffering and misery and, as the ultimate chapter, death. Here Daniel, the inarticulate, bewildered peasant lad dwelling on his mountain top, is the author's familiar conception of man in his best and happiest state; Torahus sanitarium drops its collection of waifs and strays from society to the mountain top, and Daniel goes under. His guilelessness makes him an easy prey to corruption and trickery of every kind; in the end he is marched off to prison to serve a seven-year term for murder, leaving the woman who has tricked him waiting only because there is nothing else she can do. And civilization fares even worse than Daniel; virtually all the inmates of Torahus who have not succumbed to time and a multiplicity of accidents are consumed in one grand holocaust of death. "That," observes Herr Hamsun, rather curiously, "is the romance of life, with death as chapter the last."

Daniel the peasant is an old and familiar figure in Hamsun's work, but the other characters are splendidly drawn, poor little human flounders caught in the net of circumstance. Anton Moss, the leper, and Suicide Magnus, the suicidal maniac whom death spares, feel their way blindly along from humiliation to despair, protecting the anguish and loneliness of their hearts with a cloak of sadistic contempt for one another which wears thin at times, so that the anguish and the loneliness show all too plainly through. And Froken d'Espard, who starts out with a load of pretension and silliness which she is forced little by little to discard until she has nothing left but an illegitimate child—nothing to hope for but Daniel, whom she does not love—it is sufficient proof of Herr Hamsun's profound disbelief in the romance of life that he should deny to these three, alone out of his cheerless aggregation on the mountain top, the comparative blessing of death.

HOWARD COXE.

An Outline of Drama

The Theater: Three Thousand Years of Drama, Acting and Stagecraft, by Sheldon Cheney. New York: Longmans, Green and Company. 558 pages. $10.

SHELDON CHENEY tries to do for the theater what H. G. Wells tried to do for history. He takes the theater when it was nothing but a seed, a mere impulse of a savage to dance, and traces it down to today—Asiatic masks; Egyptian "Passion Plays"; the dramas of the Greeks, Romans, Hindus, Japanese, Chinese, Germans; Dyak native plays to Aeschylus; Chikamatsu, the Japanese, to Charles Chaplin; medieval stage and renaissance stage; Madame de Pompadour to Eleanora Duse, etc. In short, he has condensed "three thousand years of drama, acting and stagecraft" into 550 pages.

He has done this because he wants to show that the theater is an art in itself, not a mere literature. "Put out the literary man, and if any other one-sided artist tries to climb into first place, put him back where he belongs, too. . . . " Consequently the crux of Mr. Cheney's thesis is his desire for a *régisseur,* "the master of the production . . . a super-artist to get the production hatched," *i. e.,* a sort of divine bird who will hatch another man's egg.

This is a good plea and many people will join Mr. Cheney in wishing for the appearance of more men of the Max Reinhardt caliber. Perhaps it is a matter of eugenics. The danger in such an enthusiasm, however, is the tendency to minimize the importance of the playwright. We agree that many others beside the playwright go into the making of a good theatrical performance, but we must not ask "What is a dramatist?" in the same tone of voice that we would use to ask "What is a mouse?"

The author insists that theater is the result of many arts, of which drama is but one. It is only when all the arts of the theater are perfectly united that theater as a thing-in-itself produces its full effect

In chapter twenty-one particularly, Mr. Cheney tries to get on friendly terms with his readers by talking to them, so to speak, over the kitchen table—"Well, between you and me, they are never going to finish this comedy in time to get into the main show," etc., etc. He is speaking of men who argue in their attempts to establish a statement

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

of the esthetics of theater art. On page 545, Mr. Cheney's naïve humor culminates in bidding us farewell with a "Dionysius be with you." It is not entirely irrelevant to remark that the author has weakened portions of his book by trying to be funny.

Nevertheless, Mr. Cheney has written a valuable book. It is a book more to be praised than damned, and the author deserves the thanks of all who are interested in the theater.

FREDERICK SCHLICK.

"Firehead"

Firehead, by Lola Ridge. New York: Payson and Clarke, Ltd. 218 pages.

THIS magnificent poem does not represent the first occasion on which Lola Ridge has chosen crucifixion for her theme. Indeed, one might almost say that the enduring Golgotha of humanity has been the matrix of most of her poetry. "Firehead" differs from her previous work in this, that her subject here is not man in torment, but Christ crucified, and the fire that is the leaping *motif* of the book is not the flame of rebel manhood, but the candescent spirit of the Savior.

The book opens with Jesus on the cross. There are few poets as capable as Miss Ridge of detailing agony, for few, if any, are so grievously intimate with it. The signal courage that burns clear as flame in alabaster, illumining the fragile vessel of her own being, must have sustained her in the writing of these lines, from the bright beauty of the beginning: "The day was arteried with fire," to the bleak beauty of the end:

> When the east was rosy as a grape
> Before it purples . . .
> There gaped, in darkness, emptily
> The blackened scabbard of his mouth
> That held a blessing's shape.

The succeeding portions of the narrative, which covers about two hundred pages and almost steadily defies those who contend that there can be no long poems, present the crucifixion as it blazed in the eyes of John and Judas, of the two Marys, of Peter, of a tortured bondman, of a merchant of Babylon and his pregnant wife, piercing her womb to summon their unborn son, Thaddeus.

Her reading of most of these characters offers nothing new. John is the adoring disciple, with the bloom of youth still lying on him like light. Peter is the foundation stone, weary with the weight it must uphold. The Virgin, too, is weary, the bewildered mother of a Son who was never wholly hers. With lovely wisdom, the poet lets the mother's part conclude on that which alone can draw her closer to Jesus, a remembered cradle-song. The Magdalene, alone of them all, perhaps, if one except the Unborn, is fit to receive the light shed from the brow of the Crucified, and with obscure symbolism, which one hesitates to interpret too boldly, the poet allows His last look to fall upon the woman of Magdala. The least intelligible figure is Judas, who is treated conventionally as the villain of the tragedy, and yet, curiously enough, Miss Ridge is at her strongest in the part devoted to one whom she pictures as a vile crazed wretch.

For want of a fresh interpretation of the chief characters in the story, and of a considered philosophy to integrate it, Miss Ridge's poem misses the impact of Robinson Jeffers' recently published "Dear Judas," with which one inevitably compares it. Her imagery, too, is somewhat diffuse and over-elaborated. These flaws, however, can lessen but can certainly not destroy the impressiveness of Miss Ridge's high achievement.

BABETTE DEUTSCH.

A New Malthusian Tocsin

Danger Spots in World Population, by Warren S. Thompson. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. 343 pages. $3.50.

THE majority of the disciples of Thomas Malthus are apt to be ultra-conservative and often chauvinistic. They hold poverty, crime and misery to be the results of overpopulation; they make full capital of the yellow peril; they wax enthusiastic over the virility and strength of the so-called Nordics. The writer of this book is a Malthusian of a different breed. He believes that the West should make concessions to the East, that the Nordics should yield of their own accord, that the underpopulated areas which they hold should be turned over by them to the men of the yellow races and of the brown, that the right to territorial control should depend in large measure on the success which the suzerain power meets with in populating territory to which it holds title.

Mr. Thompson admits that this proposal will only provide temporary relief. Birth control is also necessary; but he states truthfully enough that birth control is more apt to come about through raising economic levels than through propaganda. He considers the white races unsuited for the tropics, and believes that war between East and West can only be prevented by the timely concession of tropical and sub-tropical areas by the British, American and French governments. His solution of the question of overpopulation is not to be sneered at, but it is a little too simple. For the time being, he does not try to solve the Chinese situation, but for the population worries of the Japanese, the Indians, and also of the Italians, he has a plan. The Japanese should be turned loose in New Guinea, in Mindanao, the underpopulated and second largest island in the Philippines, and in Australia. The overflow of India he would settle in East Africa and Madagascar. Surplus Italians might find homes under their own flag in Syria and Irak.

Just how is this to be done? The Australians, he thinks, should first experiment with coolie labor—not a very promising suggestion. The Indians in East Africa might profitably intermarry with the few Negroes and Portuguese already there—not an altogether happy thought. As for the Italians in the Near East, it does not seem to have occurred to Mr. Thompson that neither France nor England has authority, legal or otherwise, to turn their mandates over to Italy.

There is much good in this book. It is not cheap and sensational like Lothrop Stoddard's "Rising Tide of Color." It is moderate and conciliatory in tone, marked by an absence of racial vainglory which is highly commendable. The main criticism of it is that the author thinks of international problems in terms of birth rates. There is nothing sacred or sacrosanct about existing boundary lines. That is evident. Upon the other hand, it is rather foolish to argue that they should be freely changed in order to secure an equilibrium between high-pressure areas and those with low pressure. The population question of any country is first of all a domestic question and only secondarily an international one. This truth seems to have escaped Mr. Thompson.

WALTER PHELPS HALL.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Laughing Boy, by Oliver La Farge. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin Company. $2.50.

THE Indian has been rescued from schoolboy romance. Here for the first time an authentic Red Man takes a leading part in a novel. Laughing Boy is pure Navajo. The world he lives in is largely the same, its desert scenes, its loneliness and its harsh, penetrating beauty. In his statement on the jacket, Owen Wister says that the white man has been excluded from the story "save as the merest accidental accessory." This is not strictly true. A considerable quantity of whisky is drunk in this recital and it is white man's whisky. The catastrophe in which the tale culminates was brought about by a white man, and it was made possible by the change in Indian character, brought about by a white environment. These are not "mere accessory details," but above them rises the Indian, grave, simple, direct; riding, fighting, praying. He gambles, takes sweat baths and is happy when he obeys the customs of his race. He lives best when he lives for The People—his people. The language is sure and rich. Lovers of Indian lore will love this, but the best is kept for the last. The twenty pages at the end have rare grandeur; they are a song of sustained sorrow, piercing, real.

Paterfamilias, by W. B. Trites. New York: The Cosmopolitan Book Corporation. $2.50.

OUT of the past comes this old-fashioned novel, a dinosaur of the American scene during the awkward years following 1900. The rich, coarse atmosphere of Wawa nourished it; Wawa, which jumped from town to city with the profusion and rankness of a tropical swamp. Big, bony, unbending, leonine, Dr. William R. Stanton is the hero, a homeopath and a reformer. Most of his life is spent in comparative poverty . He loses his fight against the steel mills. A callow, nervous love of pleasure leads his son-in-law to Tolstoy, then to delirium tremens and finally to adultery. An adolescent only son starts out as a sport. In the summer he smokes a bulldog pipe, carries a cane as thick as a baseball bat, drinks beer and wears a shaggy yellow chrysanthemum. For the love of a chorus girl he steals twelve hundred dollars from his father. German customs are at their height. In *rathskellers* local potentates drink endlessly of beer, with glasses of *kümmel* every so often "to bore a hole through it." Automobiles are coming in. Political corruption is rank. It is a big picture. The huge, blind, unquiet monster is painted with humor, with kindness, sometimes even with a peculiar poetry. It is interesting that the author of "The Gypsy," a palpable, unpleasant fraud, should be capable of such sincerity.

C. A. C.

Contributors

ERNEST HOPKINS was formerly chief editorial writer of The San Francisco Examiner.

MORROW MAYO is a California journalist. He was formerly a staff editor of the Associated Press.

JOHN BROPHY was formerly an official in the United Mine Workers of America, and is now on the Board of Directors of Brookwood Labor College.

HOWARD COXE was formerly Paris correspondent of The New York Herald-Tribune and a member of the staff of The New York Evening Post.

FREDERICK SCHLICK is associated with The Theatre Arts Monthly.

BABETTE DEUTSCH, poet, novelist and critic, has just published "Potable Gold—Some Notes on Poetry."

WALTER PHELPS HALL is the author of "Empire to Commonwealth."

Important New Poetry from the Scribner List

Selected Poems by Conrad Aiken

"No other living American poet has approached the ethereal summits of fantasy attained in . . . Aiken's best work. . . . The imagery, especially that of nature, is of an amazingly rich and varied beauty."—*New York Sun.* $3.50

Poets, Farewell! by Edmund Wilson

author of "I Thought of Daisy," etc.

A collection of emotional force, sharp beauty, and imaginative charm. $2.00

The King With Three Faces and Other Poems by Marjorie Allen Seiffert

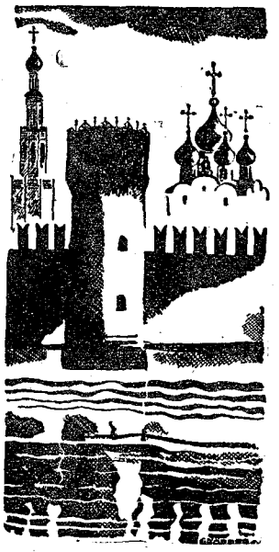
"Rich, warm, and colorful. . . . Her poetry has the restless flow of music."—*New York World.* $2.00

Dark Summer by Louise Bogan

"Louise Bogan . . . in this volume becomes one of the most important women poets of the present generation." — *New York Evening Post.* $2.50

at all bookstores

Charles Scribner's Sons, New York



VISIT RUSSIA

Short, low rate Winter trips from $280 Up

Including round trip passage and a five day complete service and sightseeing in Leningrad and Moscow.

AMALGAMATED BANK
Travel Dept.
11-15 Union Square, N. Y. C.
or
Amalgamated Trust & Savings Bank
111 West Jackson Blvd.
Chicago, Ill.

For information on Spring and Summer trips write for booklet "R"

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

New Year's Eve
ARTISTS COSTUME BALL

PLAYBOY'S

FETE FUTURISTE

CUBIST COSTUME CARNIVAL IN GREENWICH VILLAGE

TUESDAY EVENING, DECEMBER 31, 1929.

At WEBSTER HALL, 119 East 11th Street, New York

DANCING FROM 10 O'CLOCK TILL DAWN

Tickets: $3.50 in Advance. $5.00 at door War tax included. By mail from PLAYBOY, 32 Union Square.

Phone: Stuyvesant 9687

Costume or Evening Dress Obligatory

Tickets on sale at all village shops

Send for Particulars

THE THEATRE GUILD PRESENTS

RED RUST

by KIRCHEN & OUSPENSKY

MARTIN BECK THEATRE

45th & 8th Avenue

Eves. 8:50 Mats. Thurs. & Sat. 2:40

GAME OF LOVE AND DEATH

By ROMAIN ROLLAND

A THEATRE GUILD PRODUCTION

GUILD THEATRE, 52nd Street, West of Broadway

Evgs. 8:50. Mats. Thursday and Saturday, 2:40

OPENING THURSDAY EVENING, DEC. 26

The Actor-Managers Inc. has the honor to present The Distinguished Artist

RUTH DRAPER

in her ORIGINAL CHARACTER SKETCHES (including five new ones)

Every evening including Sunday except Monday & Thurs. nights

COMEDY Theatre 41st Street, East of Broadway. Matinees Thurs. and Sat. VERY GOOD SEATS AT $1.

AN ANTHOLOGY OF REVOLUTIONARY POETRY

Compiled and Edited by MARCUS GRAHAM

"A fascinating and important anthology."—N. Y. *World*. "Valuable book . . . thrilling with revolt."—*Sat. Rev. of Literature*. "Combines the impulse to external freedom with that sense of the needs of an inner liberation."—London *Times*. "Unique . . . novel, distinctive and of importance."—N. Y. *Sun*.

400 Poets representing 20 countries. 360 pages. Cloth, $3. Deluxe, $5. At bookstores, or: PUBLICATION COMMITTEE, Box 3, *West Farms Sta., New York, N. Y.*

WILLIAM HARRIS JR. presents

"The first play of the season with teeth in it."
—Robert Littell, *World*.

CRIMINAL CODE

with ARTHUR BYRON by MARTIN FLAVIN

NATIONAL 41st Street., W. of 7th Avenue Eves. 8:50. Mats. Wed. & Sat.

LECTURES

THE PEOPLE'S INSTITUTE

Program—Dec. 20-28

AT COOPER UNION

8th Street and Astor Place, at 8 o'clock

Admission Free

Friday, Dec. 20—Prof. Harry A. Overstreet—
THE PSYCHOLOGY OF PROGRESS
"How Mental Evolution Is Actually Achieved."

ETHICS AND SOCIAL SCIENCE
Sunday, Dec. 22—Dr. Oakley Johnson: "Propaganda and the Social Idealism in Contemporary Literature."

NATURAL SCIENCE.
Tuesday, Dec. 24—No Meeting.

MUHLENBERG BRANCH LIBRARY

209 West 23rd Street, at 8:30 o'clock.

Monday, Dec. 23—Dr. Mark Van Doren: "The Autobiography of America—Beyond the Alleghenies."

Wednesday, Dec. 25—No Meeting.

Thursday, Dec. 26—Dr. E. G. Spaulding: "The Development of Fundamental Ideas and Fundamental Problems in Philosophy and Science—Necessity and Freedom."

Saturday, Dec. 28—Rr. Houston Peterson: "Types of Character—Ibsen, Nietzsche and James."

THE GROUP

Invites you to attend
CHRISTMAS EVE OPEN HOUSE
on
Tuesday Evening, December 24th
at 8:30 P.M.

ENTERTAINMENT AND DANCE

Ball Room—150 West 85th St.

Dancing until 1 P.M.

Admission $1.00. Organized 1918.

EDUCATIONAL

FRENCH, SPANISH, ITALIAN, GERMAN, ENGLISH

Conversational methods. Native teachers. Private lessons. 75c a lesson. Short course. 9 to 9 daily. Sundays 10 to 4. 18th year.
FISHER'S SCHOOL OF LANGUAGES
1264 Lexington Avenue, N. W. Cor. 85th St.

UNIVERSAL INSTITUTE OF

LANGUAGES ITALIAN—GERMAN FRENCH—SPANISH

Private lessons 75c (Daily 9-9). Native teachers. Simplified conversational method. 18 years' experience. Also neglected English education. 1265 Lexington Avenue, Northeast corner 85th Street.

RUSSIAN TAUGHT

by experienced Russian University graduate-pedagogue
Address:
V. FREEDOLIN'S Studio
120 West 118th Street
Telephone: University 1056

CHILDREN

NOAH'S ARK

has room for a few good children during the Christmas holidays

56 acres on Croton Lake

Sliding, skating, hiking and work in the studio

Railroad Station: Harmon, N. Y.

For information communicate with

ERIKA FEIST
R. F. D. 15
Yorktown Heights, N. Y.
Telephone: Yorktown 46 F3

BOOKS

THE BOOKS YOU *CAN'T GET* ELSEWHERE MAY BE *RENTED* FOR A NOMINAL FEE!

Members throughout the United States have access to a collection of rare, scarce, unusual, out-of-print and curious books chosen largely by themselves.

Limited editions, privately printed items unexpurgated translations and exceptional reprints may be had through this entirely unique service.

You may now read without buying, at moderate cost, both the quaint old books and the extraordinary new ones.

Please state occupation or profession when writing for information and lists.

Esoterika Biblion, Inc., Dept. C2.
45 West 45th Street

THAT BOOK YOU WANT!

We hold 2,000,000 of the best books—new, second-hand, out-of-print, rare—all subjects. Also Sets of Authors. Catalogue free (25 issued). Outline requirements and interests. Books sent on approval. FOYLES, Charing Cross Rd., London, England.

VOCATIONAL SERVICE

Gertrude Stein, Inc. 18 East 41st St.
Vocational Service Agency Lexington 2593
A professional and commercial employment bureau for women. We specialize in secretarial, social service, research, publicity and home economics positions.

GENERAL

REAL HARRIS TWEED

The aristocrats of all sports wear—direct from makers. Sample free. Suit-lengths by Mail. Carriage Paid.
NEWALL, 159 Stornoway, Scotland.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED